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Dear Reader:

When we as a family neglect our child something must be done about it.

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THE CRISIS

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A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

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■ **When the Committee of Racial Equality made up its mind to fight jim-crow in the Palisades Pool, N. J., and the Bimini Baths, California, it got results**

The Proof of the Pudding

By James Peck

IN this case the pudding is racial equality at two swimming pools —one on the east coast, the other on the west coast—and it has proved to be most palatable to the managements. The two pools are Palisades Pool, across the Hudson River from New York, which describes itself as the world's largest salt water pool, and Bimini Baths in Los Angeles.

In both cases the managements were as reluctant to try the pudding as a child is to take castor oil. They both expressed the same fear: that they would lose business if Negroes were admitted. In Los Angeles the Committee of Racial Equality actually gathered attendance statistics to show that other pools in the city had not lost business as a result of admitting Negroes, but Bimini remained stubborn.

Both at Palisades and Bimini it took a prolonged campaign of nonviolent direct action by groups of the Committee of Racial Equality (Core) to make the managements abandon their jimcrow policies. At Palisades the campaign lasted two and one half summers; at Bimini, ten months. In both cases management countered by using violence against members of the groups. In both cases when the managements finally did capitulate, they found the non-segregated policy working smoothly. There were no racial clashes and no business losses.

After several weeks of operation under the new policy, Irving Rosenthal, owner of the Palisades Pool, told officials of New Jersey's Division Against Discrimination that he is completely satisfied. New Jersey officials first called on Rosenthal just before the pool opened for the 1949 summer season. At that time he assured them that he would comply with the 1949 New Jersey civil rights law—the Freeman Act—which specifically prohibits discrimination in swimming pools. That he did comply was determined by members of our committee who went swimming there in small interracial groups. The Negroes were admitted without discrimination.

On these occasions we recalled that as recently as the closing day of the previous year's season, Rosenthal told one of our pickets: "You'll all

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JAMES PECK *is an active worker in the national office of CORE and the Workers Defense League.*

drop dead before I change my policy." He combatted our campaign with two types of club—the membership club and the police club. The membership club served as a device to keep Negroes out. Whites were admitted by merely buying a ticket at the gate.

The police club was used against members of our group who picketed or who sought admission to the pool. In the summer of 1947, I suffered a fractured rib and a broken jaw at the hands of Park guards. On one of these occasions, local police held on to my arm while a guard swung at me. One of our group was blackjacked by a local cop and another by a Park guard. Several of us were repeatedly manhandled by guards and police.

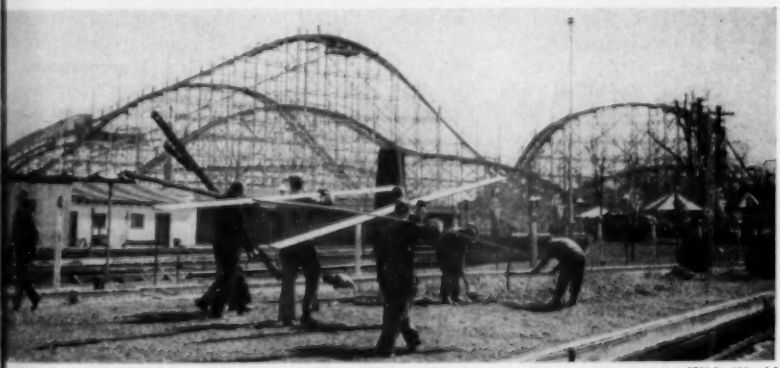
These onslaughts were personally supervised by Rosenthal who issued orders to the police and reprimanded them if they did not carry out the orders fast enough. Fifty arrests were made of members of our group during the summers of 1947 and 1948. That these arrests were illegal was made plain by the New Jersey Supreme Court which reversed lower court convictions in eight key cases. The rest of the cases were dropped by the lower courts.

Use of the police club method by Rosenthal did not deter us from our method of non-violent direct action. Rosenthal had our people beaten, arrested, and sometimes bodily carried out of the Park only to find them back again standing in a group and refusing to move until they should be granted their right to buy a ticket.

In Los Angeles, John Frost, owner of Bimini, also used violence when the Committee of Racial Equality's group stood in line at the ticket booth insisting on their right to go swimming. Members of the group were manhandled by pool employes. On one occasion Kemper Nomland was pushed through a plate glass window. On two occasions a fire hose was played on the group.

But they kept coming back until

GENERAL VIEW *of Palisades Park, New Jersey.*



Wide World

one Saturday the manager came out and said: "How would you all like to go in for a swim?" The jimcrow policy was ended.

At Palisades the direct action campaign was accompanied by legal action. Civil rights suits against the Park were initiated in both state and federal courts by Hiram Elfenbein and Meyer Pesin, Jersey City attorneys who volunteered their services. They testified at hearings preceding the drafting of the 1949 New Jersey civil rights law to make sure that the law specifically mentioned swimming pools. This they succeeded in accomplishing. The old state civil rights law specified merely bathhouses and in court actions brought by us, Palisades claimed that it did not fit into this category.

The inevitable red herring was dragged out by both Palisades and Bimini during the anti-jimcrow campaigns. At both places the managements circulated rumors that we were Communists, although the Committee of Racial Equality is known to be non-Communist. At Palisades they went to the extent of saying that they had seen FBI reports stating that we were Communists.

When Rosenthal was discussing with New Jersey officials details of the change of policy he said, referring to us: "But I won't admit Communists." The officials retorted that he knew as well as they that our group was not Communist and added that if he should refuse admission to any Negro, even a Communist Negro, he would be subject to the penalties of the civil rights law. Rosenthal did not press the point further.

COMMUNIST SMEAR

At Bimini, on one occasion, the manager came out and offered to admit the entire group to the pool if they would all sign non-Communist affidavits. This ridiculous proposal, typical of the present atmosphere of hysteria, was of course rejected by the group and a week later the campaign ended successfully.

Having read this far, a skeptic may say: fine, but what about Anacostia Pool in Washington, D.C. and Fairgrounds Pool in St. Louis, Mo., where racial clashes marred the openings on a non-segregated basis.

First, these situations cannot be compared with Palisades or Bimini because they arose in cities where jimcrow prevails in most phases of life. It must also be said that while the newspapers played up these incidents, they did not mention that no racial clashes occurred at the other non-segregated pools operated in Washington by the Department of Interior and in St. Louis by the city.

Secondly, the incidents could have been avoided had the authorities in charge made proper preparations for establishment of non-segregated policy. Details of such preparations are contained in a plan for reopening Anacostia, which was drafted by the Washington Committee of Racial Equality. Some twenty civic and church groups including the NAACP joined in presenting it to the Department of Interior. The Department agreed to put most of the plan into effect when Anacostia Pool is reopened. One point which has been adopted already is the series of talks on race relations which have been

(*Continued on page* 355)

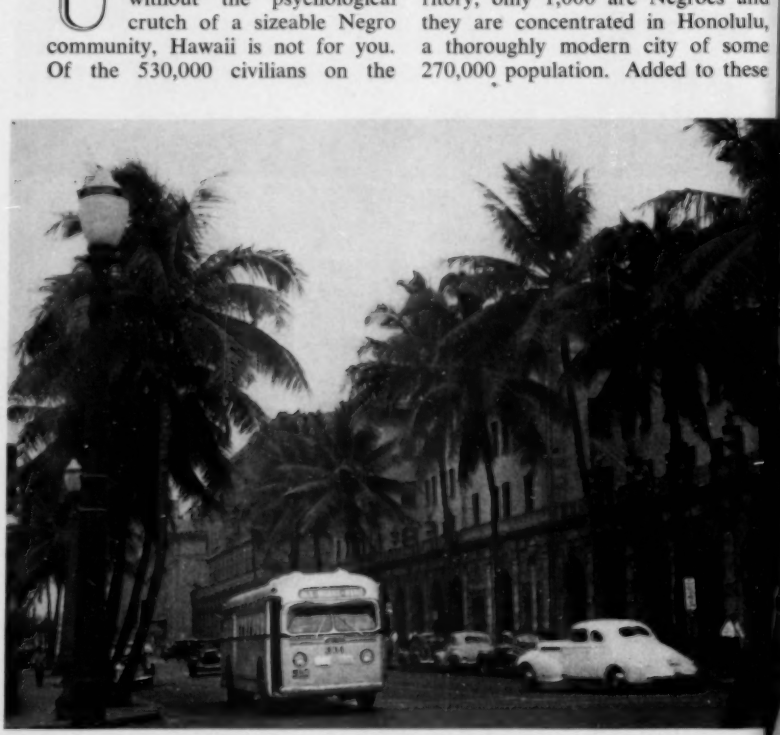
EXECUTIVE OFFICE (TOP) *and employe cafeteria in the new Golden State Mutual Life Insurance Company building, Los Angeles, California.*

■ **Hawaii is one of the few places under the American flag where a man's color happens not to be a major handicap**

A Passage

By Frank Marshall Davis

UNLESS you can be satisfied without the psychological crutch of a sizeable Negro community, Hawaii is not for you. Of the 530,000 civilians on the seven inhabited islands of the territory, only 1,000 are Negroes and they are concentrated in Honolulu, a thoroughly modern city of some 270,000 population. Added to these



BUS ON A DOWNTOWN *Honolulu street.*

To Hawaii

are varying numbers of Negro soldiers and sailors, totaling up to 2,000.

But if you have no need for the black ghetto, if you like an even climate averaging 71 degrees in winter and 76 in summer, coral beaches and mountains, leisurely living, beautiful scenery, and beautiful people, Hawaii is what you have always

RACIAL MIXTURE *of young Hawaiians.* *Acme*

dreamed about. And along with these things, you also get the closest approach to real democracy available anywhere under the Stars and Stripes.

The irony of the latter is that you have to journey into the Pacific Ocean some 2,000 miles southwest of California, to a land in which the population is two thirds nonwhite, to get some of the democracy which white America touts to the world at large.

Not that there is a complete absence of Negrophobia in Hawaii. There is job discrimination, some taverns and cafes bar Negroes, and there are restricted residential areas and occasional police brutality. But the territorial legislature and the "best families" like to believe there is complete equality and so they refuse to pass laws against these evils despite the strong stand taken by the *Honolulu Record*, militant weekly newspaper edited by a Japanese-American, and by the Hawaii Civil Liberties Committee. But not even these evidences of white supremacy (which also hit other colored groups) can dull the fact that Negroes come closer to realizing first-class citizenship in Hawaii than anywhere in Mainland USA. In the territory you have the feeling of belonging instead of being merely tolerated.

RACE BIAS IMPORTED

There was a time when anti-Negro prejudice didn't exist out here, but that was before World War II. When white servicemen and civilians flooded the islands, they brought along traditional attitudes creating hate and suspicion. Under-privileged Negroes who came along in the same tidal wave of war workers and got jailed for gambling, fighting, pimping, and drunkenness were pointed to as confirmation of the myths of black inferiority. Coupled with this was the realization that civilians brought from the Mainland, both Negro and white, for war work were paid more than island residents. Negroes were also more proficient in using the English language than most of the natives, who are limited to a pidgin variation. Thus there developed the strange spectacle of islanders disliking Negroes because they resembled Mainland whites, whom they have also come to dislike intensely.

MAINLAND WHITES

And there is tremendous antagonism toward Mainland whites, called *haoles*. Filipinos may not care for Chinese, Puerto Ricans may have contempt for Japanese, but these minor hates are likely to fade and temporary unity be achieved against *haoles*.

Actually, whites are a minority in the total picture although the largest single group in the islands. Caucasians number 173,000 and that includes the Portuguese who, by and large, resent being called *haole*. Japanese are next with 172,000. Then come 55,000 Filipinos, 31,000 Chinese, 11,000 full and 68,000 part-Hawaiians, 10,000 Puerto Ricans (classed as "light" and "dark" instead of "white" and "Negro") and 7,000 Koreans. The 1,000 Negroes and small numbers of Samoans and other peoples make up the rest.

In an ethnic-tossed salad of this variety, the coarse Mississippi type

of racism won't work. It is not good strategy to display naked color prejudice when surrounded by a sea of brown and yellow faces, when one's living may be determined by how well he can do business with people of Asiatic descent. So the practice is to smile publicly.

Accordingly, efforts are made to play one group against another, such as Chinese against the Japanese, in order to dominate all. There are white supremacy practices which burn and rankle. It is unthinkable for a white American to take menial employment; no matter how capable. Orientals will rarely get top positions in leading business institutions; *haoles* and *non-haoles* working side by side on identical jobs will have different pay scales. Since much of the residential property is leased on long term instead of being sold outright, it is a comparatively simple matter to restrict certain districts to exclusive *haole* occupancy.

BOND OF COLOR

Couple these practices with the many personal disillusionments caused by actual contact with "superior" Mainland whites during the war, and you immediately see why there is bitterness toward *haoles*. Many realized they were "taken in" and have therefore revised their attitudes toward Negroes and stand ready to offer complete friendship. The common bond of color, of being non-white, often proves the gateway for friendship between Negroes and others. The conviction is growing that all are victims of white supremacy and therefore need to ally themselves together. Native Hawaiians are so conscious of their dark color that they often call each other "nigger" in precisely the same way that many Negroes do.

Harry Bridges' International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union (CIO), three times larger than all other local unions combined, and some AFL brotherhoods have also done a real job in wiping out anti-Negro prejudice while neutralizing the efforts to play one group against another.

ISLAND PREJUDICE

However, there are some islanders who have retained their prejudice because of lack of direct contact with Negroes. Their opinions have been formed by propaganda and the stereotypes found on the radio and in films and print. This is particularly true of middle-class elements who have attained some degree of security and who are as conservative as their *haole* counterparts.

On a purely physical basis, there is little reason for any difference between Negroes and other non-whites. Put many of the people here on 47th Street in Chicago or Lenox Avenue in Harlem and you'd assume they belonged there. Hawaiians are often as black as Africans. They come tall and big, men and women alike priding themselves on their huge stomachs developed from eating poi, the fattening native staple made from taro root which, to the uninitiated, tastes like unusually unpalatable wallpaper paste. By contrast, most of the Orientals are small, with Okinawan Japanese and Filipinos being quite brown. It should not be necessary to mention the "dark Puerto Ricans."

Many of these people are the

products of mixed marriages. Hawaii boasts that about 40 percent of all marriages are interracial. There may be strains of Hawaiian, Portuguese, Chinese and white American in the same person. Many of the islands' first families brag of their native Hawaiian blood, usually royal, thus indicating that the early missionaries did a lot of practical converting. The products of these crossings of various strains are living arguments for miscegenation, for the proportion of exotic and lovely women and handsome men in colors from black to blonde is exceeded nowhere else in the world.

The culture and way of living is as varied as the people themselves. Anglo-Saxon predominates, just as it does in any other American city, but Oriental and Polynesian habits have blended in. Dress is casual and colorful, with many adults going barefoot. Few people are in hurry, and after you loaf on the coral beaches listening to the beating surf, leisurely looking at the cool, calm mountains, you understand why procrastination is a territorial pastime.

NEGROES UNASSIMILATED

But the American Negroes, who back home were kept busy trying to conform to white standards, have not, generally speaking, adopted prevailing island customs. That is probably because the majority work for the army and navy and live in a segregated section of the Civilian Housing Area known as CHA-3. Uncle Sam, bless his democratic heart, has his usual patterns of jim crow in Hawaii. Social contact with other groups is not as great as it might be, and thus the opportunity to counteract the stereotypes is to a large extent wasted. In fact, the memory of the Mainland Harlems live again in CHA-3 social functions when both men and women "dress up" as if for a smart afternoon tea.

The rest of the U. S. Negroes live all over Honolulu and the rest of the island of Oahu, except in those districts "restricted" to *haoles*. If they have the money, they may stop at the leading hotels, including the expensive tourist traps on Waikiki Beach, or buy homes on the beaches or up in the mountains.

TAVERNS WELCOME NEGROES

Most cafes, taverns, and night clubs are open to Negroes. Some places, frequented by white soldiers and sailors or *malihinis*, the Hawaiian word for newcomers, have rigid color bars. There have been instances in which *haoles* started fights over the presence of Negro customers—only to have Japanese and Filipinos join in on the side of the Negro.

While there is plenty of opportunity for spending money, earning it is more difficult, unless you work for the government or have special skills. Unemployment is on the rise, but some are holding to their jobs as mail carriers, bus drivers, garage attendants, etc. A few operate small enterprises such as taverns, restaurants, pool rooms, etc., in the "Little Harlem" area of Smith Street, and a smaller number have businesses scattered throughout the city catering to all people. Head pharmacist at the leading drug chain is a Negro; another is a U. S. health specialist; a third a foreman at a huge pineapple cannery; and there are two

radio disc jockeys and a few entertainers and musicians.

But even without mounting unemployment, it is not always too easy to get a job. Here is where the war-taught prejudice steps in. Some places won't hire American Negroes or else ask them to change their racial identification. There are instances of Dusky-mericans from Alabama picking up pidgin and passing as Hawaiians, and of others taking Spanish names and an accent and becoming "dark Puerto Ricans."

There are no Negro professional people in Honolulu, although the county prosecutor on the neighboring island of Hawaii has long been a Negro. But there is a strong desire for a few doctors, lawyers and other "cultured Negroes from the Mainland" to settle out here and neutralize the bad publicity of pimps and gamblers. Many *haoles* are anxious for this to come to pass, for there are Mainland whites who have lost their prejudice since being in Hawaii and have become anti-white after witnessing the behavior of *haole* tourists and other upholders of pale superiority.

That's Hawaii, digest version. Think you'd like it?

FRANK MARSHALL DAVIS, *Journalist and poet, now lives in Honolulu, Hawaii. He has published three volumes of verse: Black Man's Verse, I Am the American Negro, and 47th Street.*

DID YOU KNOW—

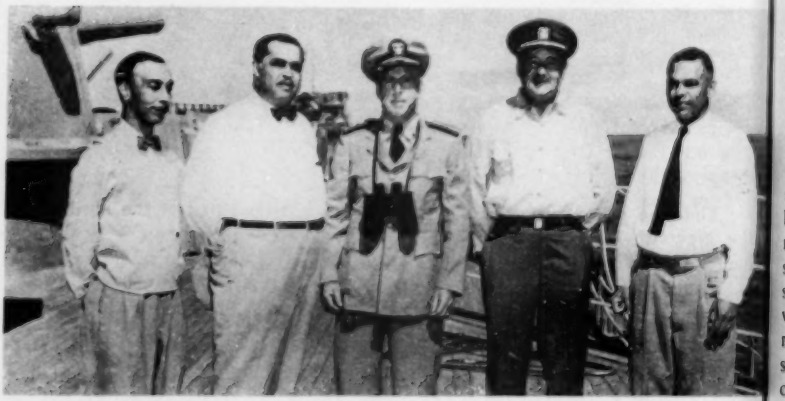
That the Liberty ship *The Bert Williams* was launched at the yards of the New England Shipbuilding Corporation, Portland, Maine, in November, 1944?

That the first steamship ever to enter San Francisco Bay, the Sitka, in November, 1847, was owned by a Negro, William A. Leidsdorff?

That in November, 1939, the Maryland teachers' salary discrimination case of Mills v. Anne Arundel County School Board was tried before Federal Judge Calvin Chestnut who, in the course of his opinion, declared that the plaintiff was entitled to an injunction against salary discrimination based solely on the grounds of race or color?

Official Navy P

ENSIGN J. L. BROWN, USN, *of Hattiesburg, Miss., first Negro naval aviator, dining with his fellow officers at the officers' mess.* We hope that this appointment was not just a sop to the Negro, but that the USN will enable many other Negroes to follow in Ensign Brown's footsteps.*



DD P

GUESTS ABOARD THE USS MISSOURI *on the Midshipmen's cruise to Cherbourg, France, in August, 1949: P. Bernard Young, Jr., Norfolk Journal & Guide; Lucius Harper, Chicago Defender; R. Adm. Allan E. Smith, commander Task Force 61; Capt. H. P. Smith, commander USS Missouri; and James C. Evans, assistant secretary defense.*

■ "Her missionary money wasn't gone clean to waste nohow if it'd make Lemuel mend his stealin' ways"

Mama's Missionary Money

By Chester Himes

"YOU Lem-u-wellllll! You-u-uuuu Lem-u-wellllllLLLLLLLL!"

Lemuel heard his ma call him. Always wanting him to go to the store. He squirmed back into the corner of the chicken house, out of sight of the yard. He felt damp where he had sat in some fresh chicken manure and he cursed.

Through a chink in the wall he saw his ma come out of the house, shading the sun from her eyes with her hand, looking for him. Let her find Ella, his little sister, or get somebody else. Tired of going to the store all the time. If it wasn't for his ma it was for Miss Mittybelle next door. Most every morning soon's he started out the house here she come to her door. "Lem-u-well, would you lak t' to t' the sto' for me lak a darlin' li'l boy?" Just as soon's he got his glove and started out to play. Why din she just say, "Here, go to the sto'." Why'd she have to come on with that old "would you lak t' go" stuff? She knew his ma 'ud beat the stuffin's outen him if he refused.

He watched his ma looking around for him. She didn't call anymore, trying to slip up on him. Old chicken came in the door and looked at him. "Goway, you old tattle tale," he thought, but he was scared to move, scared to breathe. His ma went on off, 'round the house; he saw her going down the picket fence by Miss Mittybelle's sun flowers, going on to the store herself.

He got up and peeped out the door, looked around. He felt like old Daniel Boone. Wasn't nobody in sight. He went out in the yard. The dust was deep where the hens had burrowed hollows. It oozed up twixt the toes of his bare feet and felt hot and soft as flour. His long dark feet were dust powdered to a tan color. The dust was thick on his ankles, thinning up his legs. There were numerous small scars on the black skin. He was always getting bruised or scratched or cut. There were scars on his hands too and on his long black arms.

CHESTER HIMES *is the well-known short story writer and novelist, author of Lonely Crusade.*

He wondered where everybody was. Sonny done gone fishing with his pa. More like Bubber's ma kept him in 'cause he was feeling a little sick. From over toward Mulberry Street came sounds of yelling and screaming. He cocked his long egg-shaped head to listen; his narrow black face was stolid, black skin dusty dry in the noon day sun. Burrhead was getting a licking. Everybody knew everybody's else's cry. He was trying to tell whether it was Burrhead's ma or pa beating him.

Old rooster walked by and looked at him. "Goan, old buzzard!" he whispered, kicking dust at it. The rooster scrambled back, ruffling up, ready to fight.

Lemuel went on to the house, opened and shut the screen door softly, and stood for a moment in the kitchen. His ma'd be gone about fifteen minutes. He wiped the dust off his feet with his hands and started going through the house, searching each room systematically, just looking to see what he could find. He went upstairs to his ma's and pa's room, sniffed around in the closet, feeling in the pockets of his pa's Sunday suit, then knelt down and looked underneath the bed. He stopped and peeped out the front window, cautiously pulling back the curtains. Old Mr. Diggers was out in his yard 'cross the street, fooling 'round his fence. His ma wasn't nowhere in sight.

He turned back into the room and pulled open the top dresser drawer. There was a big rusty black pocketbook with a snap fastener back in the corner. He poked it with a finger. It felt hard. He lifted it up. It was heavy. He opened it. There was money inside, all kinds of money, nickels and dimes and quarters and paper dollars and even ten dollar bills. He closed it up, shoved it back into the corner, slammed shut the drawer, and ran and looked out the front window. Then he ran and looked out the back window. He ran downstairs and went from room to room looking out all the windows in the house. No one was in sight. Everybody stayed inside during the hot part of the day.

He ran back upstairs, opened the drawer and got to the pocket book. He opened it, took out a quarter, closed it, put it away, closed the drawer, ran downstairs and out the back door and across the vacant lot to Mulberry Street. He started downtown, walking fast as he could without running. When he came to the paved sidewalks they were hot on his feet and he walked half dancing, lifting his feet quickly from the pavement. At the Bijou he handed up his quarter, got a dime in change, and went into the small hot theatre to watch a gangster film. Pow! Pow! Pow! That was him shooting down the cops. Pow! Pow! Pow!

"Where you been all day, Lem-uwell?" his ma asked as she bustled 'round the kitchen fixing supper.

"Over tuh the bayou. Fishin'. Me 'n Bluebelly went."

His ma backhanded at him but he ducked out of range. "Told you t' call Francis by his name."

"Yas'm. Francis. Me 'n Francis."

His pa looked up from the hydrant where he was washing his hands and face. "Ummmmp?" he said. His pa seldom said more than "Ummmmp." It meant most every-

thing. Now it meant did he catch any fish. "Nawsuh," Lemuel said.

His little sister, Ella, was setting the table. Lemuel washed his hands and sat down and his pa sat down and said the blessing while his ma stood bowed at the stove. It was very hot in the kitchen and the sun hadn't set. The reddish glow of the late sun came in through the windows and they sat in the hot kitchen and ate greens and side meat and rice and baked sweet potatoes and drank the potliquor with the corn bread and had molasses and corn bread for dessert. Afterwards Lemuel helped with the dishes and they went and sat on the porch in the late evening while the people passed and said hello.

Nothing was said about the quarter. Next day Lemuel took four dimes, three nickels and two half dollars. He went and found Burrhead. "What you got beat 'bout yesdiddy?"

"Nutton. Ma said I sassed her."

"I got some money." Lemuel took the coins from his pocket and showed them.

Where you git it?" Burrhead's eyes were big as saucers.

"Ne you mind. I got it. Les go tuh the show."

" 'Gangster Guns' at the Bijou."

"I been there. Les go downtown tuh the Grand."

On the way they stopped in front of Zeke's Grill. It was too early for the show. Zeke was in his window turning flapjacks on the grill. They were big round flapjacks, golden brown on both sides, and he'd serve 'em up with butter gobbed between. Lemuel never had no flapjacks like that at home. Burrhead neither. They looked like the best tasting flapjacks in the world.

They went inside and had an order, then they stopped at Missus Harris's and each got double icecream cones and a bag of peanut brittle. Now they were ready for the show. It was boiling hot way up in the balcony next to the projection room, but what'd they care. They crunched happily away at their brittle and laughed and carried on. . . . "Watch out, man, he slippin' up 'hind yuh.' "

Time to go home Lemuel had a quarter, two nickels and a dime left. He gave Burrhead the nickels and dime and kept the quarter. That night after supper his ma let him go over to the lot and play catch with Sonny, Bluebelly, and Burrhead. They kept on playing until it was so dark they couldn't see and they lost the ball over in the weeds by the bayou.

Next day Lemuel slipped up to his ma's dresser and went into the magic black pocket book again. He took enough to buy a real big league ball and enough for him and Burrhead to get some more flapjacks and icecream too. His ma hadn't said nothing yet.

As the hot summer days went by and didn't nobody say nothing at all he kept taking a little more each day. He and Burrhead ate flapjacks every day. He set up all the boys in the neighborhood to peanut brittle and icecream and rock candy and took them to the show. Sundays after he'd put his nickel in the pan he had coins left to jingle in his pocket although he didn't let his ma or pa hear him jingling them. All his gang knew he was stealing the

money from somewhere. But nobody tattled on him and they made up lies at home so their parents wouldn't get suspicious. Lemuel bought gloves and balls and bats for the team and now they could play regular ball out on the lot all day.

His ma noticed the new mitt he brought home and asked him where he got it. He said they'd all been saving their money all summer and had bought the mitt and some balls. She looked at him suspiciously. "Doan you dast let me catch you stealin' nothin', boy!"

About this time he noticed the magic black bag was getting flat and empty. The money was going. He began getting scared. He wondered how long it was going to be before his ma found out. But he had gone this far so he wouldn't stop. He wouldn't think about what was going to happen when it was all gone. He was the king of the neighborhood. He had to keep on being king.

One night after supper he and his pa were sitting on the porch. Ella was playing with the cat 'round the side. He was sitting on the bottom step, wiggling his toes in the dust. He heard his ma come down stairs. He could tell something was wrong by the way she walked. She came out on the porch.

"Isaiah, somebody's tuk all my missionary money," she said. "Who you reckin it was?"

Lemuel held his breath. "Ummmmp!" his pa said.

"You reckin it were James?" He was her younger brother who came around sometimes.

"Ummmmp! Now doan you worry, Lu'belle. We find it."

Lemuel was too scared to look around. His pa didn't move. Nobody didn't say anything to him. After a while he got up. "I'm goin' tuh bed, ma," he said.

"Ummmmp!" his pa noticed.

Lemuel crawled into bed in the little room he had off the kitchen downstairs. But he couldn't sleep. Later he heard Doris Mae crying from way down the street. He just could barely hear her but he knew it was Doris Mae. Her ma was beating her. He thought Doris Mae's ma was always beating her. Later on he heard his ma and pa go up to bed. All that night he lay half awake waiting for his pa to come down. He was so scared he just lay there and trembled.

Old rooster crowed. The sun was just rising. Clump-clump-clump. He heard his pa's footsteps on the stairs. Clump-clump-clump. It was like the sound of doom. He wriggled down in the bed and pulled the sheet up over his head. He made like he was sleeping. Clump-clump-clump. He heard his pa come into the room. He held his breath. He felt his pa reach down and pull the sheet off him. He didn't wear no bottoms in the summer. His rear was like a bare tight knot. He screwed his eyes 'round and saw his pa standing tall in mudstained overalls beside the bed with the cord to his razor strop doubled over his wrist and the strop hanging poised at his side. His pa had on his reformer's look like he got on when he passed the dance hall over on Elm Street.

"Lem-u-well, I give you uh chance tuh tell the truth. What you do with yo' ma's missionary money?"

"I didn't take it, pa. I swear I didn', pa."

"Ummmmp!" his pa said.

Whack! The strap came down. Lemuel jumped off the bed and tried to crawl underneath it. His pa caught him by the arm. Whack! Whack! Whack! went the strap. The sound hurt Lemuel as much as the licks. "Owwwwwww-owwww-wwWWWW!" he began to bawl. All over the neighborhood folks knew that Lemuel was getting a beating. His buddies knew what for. The old folks didn't know yet but they'd know before the day was over.

"God doan lak thieves," his pa said, beating him across the back and legs.

Lemuel darted toward the door. His pa headed him off. He crawled between his pa's legs getting whacked as he went through. He ran out into the kitchen. His ma was waiting for him with a switch. He tried to crawl underneath the table. His head got caught in the legs of a chair. His ma started working on his rear with the switch.

"MURDER!" he yelled at the top of his voice. "HELP! POLICE! Please, ma, I ain't never gonna steal nothin' else, ma. If you jes let me off this time, ma. I swear, ma."

"I'm goona beat the truth into you," his ma said. "Gonna beat out the devil."

He pulled out from underneath the table and danced up and down on the floor, trying to dodge the licks aimed at his leg.

"He gone, ma! Oh, he gone!" he yelled, dancing up and down. "Dat ol' devil gone, ma! I done tuk Christ Jesus to my heart!"

Well, being as he done seen the light she sighed and let him off. Her missionary money wasn't gone clean to waste nohow if it'd make him mend his stealin' ways. She guessed them heathens would just have to wait another year; as Isaiah always say, they done wanted this long 'n it ain't kilt 'em.

The way Lemuel's backsides stung and burned he figured them ol' heathens was better off then they knew 'bout.

A Short History of a Story

On August 6, 1948, I received a letter from my agent as follows:

Dear Chester:

Collier's called me today to ask if I had anything of yours to show them. You'll be interested to know that they are inaugurating a new policy. In each issue there will be a "star" story, the one considered best of that issue, for which they will pay a bonus of $1000. I hope you will send me something I can let them see. All best wishes.

A short time afterwards my wife and I visited the Charles Holland's (the famous and to my opinion the greatest of all living dramatic tenors) and during the evening Charles and I began reminiscing about our childhoods. Out of what I remembered from the conversation I devised a story, "Mama's Missionary Money," which I wrote the following day. I sent the story to my agent and he submitted it to Collier's.

In due course of time the following letter was received.

Dear (agent):

I'm very sorry that we have to turn down MISSIONARY MONEY by Chester Himes. The fiction editor liked it and sent it up to the editor. The editor didn't like it and sent it back. I don't know just why, and I still feel this would have been an excellent piece for us to run. It's an unusually good piece of writing, and I hope you'll have something more by this writer to show us in the very near future.

Some time afterwards I submitted this story with another to The Crisis and received the following note:

We like "Mama's Missionary Money" so very much that we are holding it for use in a forthcoming issue.

In the meantime my agent received this querry from a Collier's fiction editor:

By the way, what has become of Chester Himes? If you still have that little story of his about the Negro boy who had stolen some money from his father, I would like to show it to the new fiction editor who has never seen it.

Collier's, by that time, had changed its editorial staff. I wrote to Mr. James Ivy, managing editor of Crisis, an unusual request that he return the story to me so I could re-submit it to Collier's. Mr. Ivy graciously complied with my request and returned the story the following day. I again had my agent submit it to Collier's.

In due course of time the following letter was received from the recently installed fiction editor:

Dear (agent):

I enjoyed very much reading this Chester Himes story, called MAMA'S MISSIONARY MONEY, but frankly, I feel that too many of our readers might tend to see in it some justification for race prejudice. ("How true—just like a Negro.")

I'm sorry, and I should like to see Mr. Himes in Collier's.

Sincerely

I am now returning the story to Mr. Ivy, at The Crisis, and I hope he will be able to publish it in The Crisis.

CHESTER HIMES.

NAACP T-SHIRTS ARE TERRIFIC

NAACP T-shirts, caps, and banners may be purchased through the national office of the NAACP, 20 West 40th Street, New York 18, N .Y.

T-shirts (small, medium, and large)	**$1.25**
Eton caps, blue and gold (small, medium, large)	**1.00**
NAACP pins, gold plated	**1.00**
Pennants	**2.50**
Banners	**15.00**

■ "The people have access to his mind at any time, and he has them always in his heart"

"Dr. Frank" of Chapel Hill

By Ken Macrorie

A SOUTHERNER on the committee that wrote the President's report on Civil Rights? Yes, a Southerner looking forward and daring to act upon his convictions.

The new Senator Frank Porter Graham of North Carolina is "Dr. Frank" in Chapel Hill. Once when I was a member of a political action group generally in disfavor at the university where he was president, I asked to see him. At that time he was commuting between Chapel Hill and Lake Success, having just come back from Indonesia. His secretary said, "When would you like to see him?" I mumbled something about not wanting to bother him if he were busy. She said, "This afternoon, at two, he is free. Will that be all right?" She had no further questions. I stood dumbfounded. Didn't she want to know who I was or what I wanted of him? No, she didn't. It was twice as hard to see the chancellor of the university, a man under Dr. Graham.

Wide World

DR. FRANK P. GRAHAM

I talked with Dr. Frank that afternoon and quickly found out that he was in the habit of risking himself to insure freedom of speech for everyone in the university. A week later I saw him on the street. He was hurrying along, talking with a student, a half block from his home. After I had passed him, he called to me when we were twen-

ty-five yards away, and hurried back. "How did that business of last week work out?" he said. "Fine, glad to hear it." He had seen me only once before in his life.

A student friend of mine, whose father publishes anti-segregation philosophy throughout the South, met Dr. Frank one night on the street at eleven o'clock. They stopped and began to discuss a controversial point of social action. For forty-five minutes they stood in the dark alley near the magnolia tree, trading ideas, talking on a level.

Dr. Frank respects people, loves them, remembers them. He spends no time antagonizing others; that is not his profession. But when someone tries to prevent another from criticizing, or proposing change, or inquiring freely into the nature of society, he speaks out.

Like all ADA members he opposes communism and believes it dangerous, but unlike many, he insists on the freedom of communists in America as he insists on the freedom of all. When a graduate student at the university announced that he was the chairman of the Communist party of North and South Carolina, Dr. Frank saw nothing to do except make sure that the student was accorded what he calls the "lawful freedom of this community."

FACES ISSUES

When Fulton Lewis, Jr., recently attacked him as a communist-fronter, Dr. Frank did not avoid the central issue. He did not deny that he had been the honorary president of the defunct Southern Conference for Human Welfare, which appeared on the Attorney General's first list of "subversive" organizations. The real reasons it was called subversive were that it was raising the standard of living of the common Southerner, not that it included a few communists in its membership. It brought black and white people together to fight the battle that takes guts—to give men and women of all colors health, education, union organization, civil rights. It was so forceful and courageous a group that all the powers of privilege rose up to smear it. That smear on Dr. Graham was carefully exposed in a scholarly article by Walter Gellhorn of the Columbia Law School in the *Harvard Law Review* for October 1947. Mr. Gellhorn comments specifically on a report issued by the House Committee on Un-American Activities claiming that the Conference was a Communist-front organization:

> The accusations that the Southern Conference is insincere—that is, that its asserted interest in southern welfare is but a disguise to mask its service to the Soviet Union—are not founded on credible evidence. From semi-truths the Committee has drawn conclusions which would be strained even if the factual assertions of the report were beyond challenge.

FELLOW TRAVELER?

In a country not crazed by fear and the disease of guilt by association, it would be unnecessary to speak a word in defense of Dr. Graham, for he is a citizen trying to improve the lot of all citizens. If he is in error at times (and he is less in error than the great majority of public men), he is at least attacking issues crucial to our time. He has

been called a fellow traveler. That argument is stupid on two counts. One man is not another man; and if he works for the good of men while a communist stands by him, neither he nor his act is thereby made bad. Nor does a man necessarily become a dupe of another because he works with him for a goal he wants. He may, in fact, come to know the other man well and thus become less a dupe about him than the hysterical critics.

Both extremes, the reactionaries and the communists, say that Dr. Frank is the tool of the other. He works within the Democratic party and therefore is as weak as that party. The two major parties in America have made a sham of democratic, representative government in the last year. He is not an uncompromising champion of good causes; he is a man who works through compromise and organization. He has the weaknesses of Roosevelt and Lincoln, the compromisers. He lacks the shocking rightness of John Brown. But one must judge a man in his context. As a New Dealer, as a university president, as a United Nations representative, as a neighbor down the street, Frank Graham has stood liberal and democratic beyond his colleagues. It is only a man who has done so much with courage and firmness that is criticized as a saint who should do all perfectly.

After he had helped draft the President's Report on Civil Rights and returned from arranging a truce in Indonesia, he came home. The few hundred in the student body who realized what kind of man he is, turned out one Sunday afternoon with the band and paraded through the streets to welcome him. They gathered on his large lawn. He slipped out the front door, a little, hatless man in a black overcoat, smiling, waving his hand. The students cheered; their leaders tried to quiet them; he stood on the steps, embarrassed. Then he saw three small children of the neighborhood in the front row. He grabbed them by the hand and held them, leaning over and saying hello. They knew him.

When the student president had officially welcomed him, Dr. Frank spoke in his soft voice and the crowd stilled. He looked solemn as he said, "I have just come back from the seventy million people struggling to achieve their independence and build a democratic nation." He smiled and on his face the seventy million brown people became individuals, and the students standing there knew they were people like themselves. He told of the great Indonesian leaders. He was not sure that the truce would be kept by the Dutch, but he hoped so much for it.

Frank Graham is easy to get to. The people have access to his mind at any time, and he has them always in his heart.

KEN MACRORIE, *now an instructor at Michigan State College, formerly taught and studied at the University of North Carolina.*

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Good News

JOHN C. EASON, JR., of Washington, D. C., is one of five United State appointees to the Office of International Health Relations of the United Nations.

J. B. Blayton, of Atlanta, Ga., now controls radio station WERD, Atlanta. He has purchased all the common stock of Radio Atlanta, Inc., owner of the station, and has obtained an option on the purchase of all preferred stock. This is said to be the first all-Negro-owned radio station in the country, although Birmingham, Ala., has a white-owned station that is operated by a nearly all-Negro personnel.

Rev. John Q. Evans, of Des Moines, Iowa, is now in his third year as state director of religious education in the Baptist churches of the states of Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, and South Dakota. He works in all departments of the churches to which he is invited. Rev. Evans is a graduate of the college and seminary of Lincoln university, Pa.

First Negro president of the Chicago, Ill., Methodist Church Association is the Rev. Matthew D. Clair, 59-year-old pastor of St. Mark's Methodist church, Chicago. Born in Harper's Ferry, W. Va., Rev. Clair holds degrees from Morgan college, Baltimore, Md., and the Gammon Theological Seminary, Atlanta, Ga. He also attended Syracuse and Howard universities, the Boston university school of theology and the Illinois Theological school at Denver.

Robert M. Culver, Jr., of 206 N. 57th Street, Philadelphia, Pa., is the first Negro to be assigned by the Yellow Cab Company of Philadelphia to handle traffic at the 30th Street Station. Mr. Culver has been with the cab company since December 1947.

Wellesley college, exclusive girls' college, has appointed a Negro instructor in the person of William Cousins, of Asonia, Conn.

Dr. Percy L. Julian, director of research in the soya products division of the Glidden Company, Chicago, Ill., has extracted a hormone compound from soyabeans. Called Compound S, the new product may do the work of the rare new wonder drug cortisone, which is now extracted from the bile of oxen.

Paul Moses, Jr., of Ardmore, Pa., an honor graduate of the Lower Merion high school and one of the first Negroes to be admitted to Haverford, is now studying art in Paris on a one-year scholarship granted by Haverford.

James T. Harris, an honor graduate of LaSalle-Peru-Oglesby junior college, LaSalle, Ill., has received an appointment as senior secretary to the International Student Service at Geneva, Switzerland. Mr. Harris is the first Negro named to the office. He sailed to take up his new duties on October 7.

■ **A sketch of James Edwards who plays the role of Peter Moss, the Negro GI in Stanley Kramer's "Home of the Brave"**

Local Boy Makes History

By Duane Valentry

THE dressing room is full of fighters. Old, young, beaten, cocky. Some waiting to have their hands taped, other wincing as tape is pulled off bruised and battered knuckles. Each fighter who has yet to go on talks about what he's going to do out there. With some, it's pitiful. You can read in their eyes that tonight's not going to be any different with them. Pugs—down-at-the-heels, knocked about—with nothing but a bare handful of twenty-dollar fights left in them. You look away, quick.

To somebody like that young colored fellow there, in the dark robe. He looks sure-fire. You'd bet on him. He would too. He's got the build; but more, he's got a look in his eye; a sound in his voice, and he talks like a man who knows what he's saying.

"It just takes *one* punch . . . just *one* punch!"

The scene is one you will not forget, from "The Set-up." It's also the first time many people will be seeing Jimmy Edwards, the "one-punch" fellow they're going to be talking about for a long time.

Jimmy was right. It just takes "*one* punch." He won his fight in "The Set-up"; but that was a "prelim". . . . to make audiences want more. He got his chance at a main bout a little later.

JAMES EDWARDS

You have heard about "Home of the Brave"? If you've been doing any listening you have, and even if you haven't, it is a movie that is hitting all America between the eyes.

Sure, it should have been made a long time ago. But it was not. The mills of the gods grind slowly, so does Hollywood, and maybe the times have to be ripe. But, let's throw our hats in the air, the corner's turned. Hollywood at last can say with pride: "Today I am a man!"

This is a great and wonderful picture. It is far more than entertainment. It has truth and sensitivity. It will get people where a punch hurts most—around the heart.

Not a little of the film's success is due to Jimmy Edwards. As "Mossy" he gives a performance that is dynamite. He ought to; he has been through it all.

FIRST START

Back in Hammond, Indiana, when the kid was five, he got his first taste of show business. Valley Edwards, Jimmy's father, was the first in the family to be active that way. A professional singer, solo and in quartets, Valley went on extensive singing tours with his troupe. Jimmy wasn't six when he made a trip with his father to hear him sing. He still remembers the thrill of it; the lights; the big audiences; and Pop out there singing.

But the boy had a lot of by-passing to do before his path headed into the theatre again. After graduating from Hammond high school, James Edwards matriculated at Indiana university and then transferred to Knoxville college, Knoxville, Tennessee.

SCHOOL A PLEASURE

School was a pleasure. Majoring in such tough subjects as psychology and psychiatry was easy as pie-eating to Jimmy Edwards. He did not have time or interest in the dramatic arts, then. Poetry, though, was something else again, That grew to be a hobby. He still likes both the reading and the writing of it.

Back home in Indiana there were ten Edwardses, eight brothers and sisters, and that meant problems: a lot of little kids to put clothes on and food into. Jimmy started making plans and got a job at the Calumet Steel Mills working in personnel, where his co-workers soon found he had a knack for personnel relations.

But war breaks up plans. He had not been at Calumet very long before the government called on him to serve with the War Production Board as one of its district representatives. Jimmy, despite his youth, served the government as a WPB official for two years until he went into the Army.

You know the Army. Jimmy was moved from the infantry to the quarter master's corps, to the signal corps; he worked with all kinds of men, good and bad, taking all the Army hardships of boredom and guff. Especially the guff.

But it paid off. Jimmy had the kind of commissioned officer who knew a good man when he saw one: he sent Jimmy to officers' candidate school where he was commissioned a second lieutenant, and later promoted to a first lieutenancy in the Signal Corps.

In 1946 Jimmy was discharged from the Army. First, however,

came a period of hospitalization in Chicago. Here, Fate stepped in in the form of the medical supervisor in charge, who suggested that Jimmy interest himself in the theatre and dramatic arts as part of his rehabilitation and reorientation course.

"Can you beat that?" chuckles Jimmy, when he thinks about it now. "Had to take the theatre like medicine to get me started!"

The dose was four days a week, away from the hospital. Under the GI bill of rights James entered Northwestern university and studied speech and dramatics.

TOUGH ROLE

"Death Takes A Holiday" marked his first dramatic experience. Playing the Prince, Jimmy tussled with one of the toughest roles in the theatre. But it was a good primary lesson, and he got his teeth into it and gave it everything he had. Jimmy has a way of doing that. None of the parts he took on, while learning the ropes, were easy ones. But from such plays as "Little Foxes," "Skin of our Teeth," and "Petrified Forest" he gained a wide cross-section of acting experience.

There was a period with a little theatre group in Chicago, the Skyloft Players. But things were a little tough and Jimmy decided that he would like to eat for a while, so he signed up with the Golden Gloves in Chicago. As a fighter he was good and he won his first ten fights.

"Guess I'd still be fighting," says Jimmy, "trying to work up to Joe Louis' class, if it hadn't been for one Sugar Ray Robinson. I really owe my acting career to that man."

There was a certain fight, and Robinson knocked the young athlete out of the boxing business forever. "I really took a beating," said he, "and it finished me for good. Somehow I wanted to go back to acting right about then."

A chance at the legitimate theatre came with an understudy role in "Deep Are The Roots." This was a Broadway hit which toured the country with great success. While the play was in New York, of all places, came that one chance in a thousand that understudies dream about, and he stepped from that role into the starring part of Charles Brett, the young Negro and then travelled with the company to Los Angeles.

Out in movieland producers and talent scouts are ever on the alert for new and promising talent. A young producer, whose name was not too well known to Hollywood, saw Jimmy Edwards in the play and tucked him away in his memory.

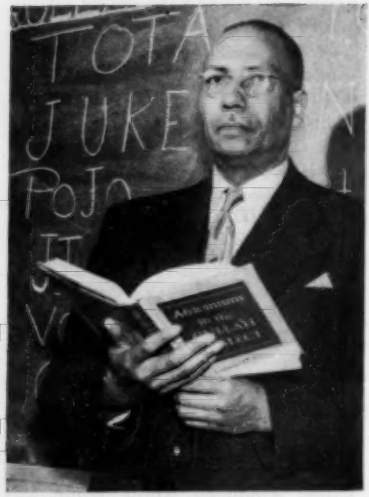
SUCCESSION OF JOBS

Star parts don't last forever, though, and after this role the budding actor had a swift succession of jobs as stage manager, director, and then assistant director on Broadway in the production of "Lady Passing Fair," all of which taught more theatre lore. Then came another lead in "Almost Faithful."

Other scouts had by now marked the acting gifts of James Edwards and he was signed up for his first screen role, "The Set-up," where he donned the all-too familiar boxing trunks and gloves for his remarkable sequence as the cocky young fighter.

"Believe me, I wasn't feeling cocky by any means," he laughs,

(*Continued on page* 354)



FINDS AFRICAN WORDS *in Americanisms—Dr. Lorenzo Dow Turner, professor of English at Roosevelt College, Chicago, Ill.*

THEODORE MAHAFFEY, *who received his Ph.D. from Ohio State University. Dr. Mahaffey teaches at Bluefield State College.*

College an

Fall session of JOHNSON C. SMITH UNIVERSITY opened September 21 with a large enrollment of students.

New staff members announced by President Hardy Liston are as follows: James Roland Law, psychology; Robert L. Whitby, Spanish; Anne M. Hawkins, education; Mrs. Henrietta T. Norris, education; William Scruggs, speech; Horace E. Cocroft, bookkeeper; Mrs. Catherine R. Hawkins, assistant in the registrar's office; and Mrs. Leila P. Lloyd, secretary to the dean of the seminary.

Among those returning from leaves of absence are Mrs. Annye Buck, Jack Brayboy, and Hubert W. Norris. U. S. Brooks, professor of chemistry and chairman of the division of science and mathematics, was awarded the degree of Ph.D. in chemistry at the June commencement of the University of Chicago.

■

WILBERFORCE STATE COLLEGE was host in July to the American Association of University Women intergroup workshop. Among the speakers were President Charles Wesley, of Wilberforce State, Dr. Howard Long, Dr. Grace Woodson, and Mrs. Stella Counselbawn.

■

Dr. G. L. Harrison, president of LANGSTON UNIVERSITY, has announced the appointment of twenty new faculty mmbers for the school-year 1949-1950. Some of the appointments were made to fill vacan-

School News

cies; others are permanent. Among the appointments is that of Dr. Mitchell Southall, who recently received his Ph.D. degree at the University of Iowa, as acting head of the department of music.

■

Theodore Mahaffey, director of the department of commerce at BLUEFIELD STATE COLLEGE, was awarded the Ph.D. degree by Ohio state university at the September convocation. Subject of Dr. Mahaffey's dissertation was "A Critical Study of Business Education in the West Virginia Secondary Schools for Negroes with Implications for Business Teacher Education."

■

Marion Columbus George, of Whiteville, N. C., received his Ph.D. degree from OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY in agronomy at the fall convocation.

■

Dr. John B. Eubanks was named the third president of JARVIS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE (Hawkins, Texas) on August 10, 1949, succeeding P. G. Washington. New faculty members for the 1949-1950 session include William Pender, Mrs. Ruth Breeding, Harry Clarke, and L. R. Bell. Jarvis is now seeking accreditation from the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools.

■

William ("Bill") Exum is new acting head of the department of physical education at KENTUCKY STATE

MARION C. GEORGE
Ph.D. Ohio State University

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Charlotte, North Carolina

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COLLEGE. "Bill" Exum is a former four-letter man from the University of Wisconsin and has taught and coached at Bethune-Cookman, Morehouse, and Lincoln university (Mo.).

■

New president of the NATIONAL BAPTIST MISSIONARY TRAINING SCHOOL (Nashville, Tennessee) is Mrs. Lillian D. Edwards, who succeeds Dr. Mattie G. Anderson. Mrs. Edwards was a Jeannes supervisor and critic teacher at Fort Valley state college before coming to NBMTS. She is a graduate of Spelman and holds an Ed.M. from Atlanta university.

Among new staff re-appointments at the school are Mrs. E. B. Gohannon as dean, Mrs. Vesterine Salughter in music, Harriet Locust in Bible, Mrs. Eunice Campbell in social sciences, Julia Foreman in religious education, Mrs. A. O. Venerable as house director, and Dr. W. B. Read as school physician.

■

President J. M. Ellison announces seven new faculty appointments at VIRGINIA UNION UNIVERSITY, as follows: Dr. Robert S. Beale in chemistry, Walter L. Harris in French and Spanish, Dr. Samuel D. Proctor in Old and New Testament studies, Ruth C. Coles in shorthand and typing, Mrs. Louise Toney as school nurse, Herman Bozeman in history, and Henry D. Carpenter in education. Mrs. C. W. Florence, of Richmond, Va., joins the staff as library assistant.

■

Summer-session commencement exercises of FLORIDA NORMAL AND

INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE were addressed by Dr. Wm. S. Maize, of Florida A. & M. college.

A testimonial reception was given retiring president John L. Tilley and his wife on August 11, with tributes coming from townspeople and friends throughout the state.

■

The TENTH CONFERENCE ON SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION was held at Columbia university September 6-9, with papers and addresses by the country's leading scholars and thinkers. Theme of the conference was "Progress Toward Integration, 1939-1949."

■

Raymond S. Williams, of New Castle, Pennsylvania, is now attending the AMERICAN GRADUATE SCHOOL IN DENMARK along with students from sixteen different states. Mr. Williams holds B.A. and M.Litt. degrees from the University of Pittsburgh and has also studied in its school of social work.

The American Graduate School in Denmark is established for those American students who would like to pursue research in social sciences, philosophy, education, Danish language and life and thought, and Nordic archeology. It meets for an academic year, first at the University of Copenhagen and then at the University of Aarhus after March 15. Policies of the school are directed by a Danish executive committee in Copenhagen and by an American executive committee in this country.

■

Dr. Tristram Walker Metcalfe, president of LONG ISLAND UNIVER-

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SITY, announces the addition of a course, entitled "The Negro in American Civilization," to the evening division of the curriculum. Offered for the first time in a New York City college or university, the course will cover the concepts of race, American slavery, and the civil-rights controversy with attention given to both the historical background and the more recent sociological problems. The course will be taught by Leonard Price Stavisky, formerly assistant professor of history at New York state teachers college, Oswego, New York.

■

Over 450 freshmen and new students, and over 1,000 upperclassmen, were registered at VIRGINIA STATE COLLEGE September 16-17 as the institution began its sixty-seventh school year. The fall convocation marking the official opening of the college was held September 23, with an address by acting president, Dr. James Hugo Johnston.

At the first staff meeting of the year, Dr. Johnston announced twenty-eight staff changes and replacements and that twenty-seven persons had had leaves for summer study.

Sixty-five farm agents and farmers from ten nearby counties, and other agricultural professional workers, visited the college field station on September 17 studying the experimental projects underway. After viewing the experiments, the group assembled for a summary discussion.

■

With virtually all of last year's teaching staff back at SPELMAN COLLEGE, the new academic term opened

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on September 21 with only three new faculty appointments, and these in the department of fine arts. First of the vesper speakers for the new academic year was Pastor John R. Brokhoff, of the Lutheran church of the redeemer.

■

MOREHOUSE COLLEGE began its eighty-third academic year on September 21, with nine additions to its faculty and staff. Several Morehouse teachers are on leave this year to pursue further graduate work toward the doctorate. They are E. M. Curtright, who will study at the University of Chicago; Samuel W. Williams, University of Chicago; Lawrence E. Yancey, Harvard; and Russell Brooks, University of Wisconsin.

■

After attending the third delegate assembly of the World Organization of the Teaching Profession in Berne, Switzerland, Dr. Rufus E. Clement, president of ATLANTA UNIVERSITY, visited a number of European universities, including Oxford and Cambridge universities.

Dr. Esther Milner, who recently joined the Atlanta faculty, will present courses in the field of human development and promote the research program of the school. Other faculty and staff appointments include Vivian Ann Davidson and Marian Lucia James, to the school of library service; Hylan G. Lewis, to the division of social sciences; Mrs. Johnipher Mizell, to the laboratory school; Mrs. Audrey C. Lewis, secretary to *Phylon;* and Marvel M. Beadles, as an assistant to the bursar. Returning to her post in the

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department of English is Mrs. Lucy C. Grigsby, who has been on a year's leave of absence studying at the University of Wisconsin.

■

DILLARD UNIVERSITY announces an expansion of its science program under Dr. Charles W. Buggs, chairman of the division of sciences and professor of biology. There will be special emphasis on pre-medical training and more extensive courses in religion and philosophy under Dr. Norman A. Holmes, now a full-time professor of religion and philosophy.

Dr. Dent also announces that an effective teacher-training program will be "stepped up" under the direction of Professor Violet H. King, who has resumed duties as chairman of the division of education after two years of study at Northwestern.

Fifty-eighth session of WEST VIRGINIA STATE COLLEGE began formally on September 12, with a very heavy enrollment.

President John W. Davis has announced that the Southeastern Construction Company of Charlotte, N. C., is the successful bidder for the erection of the new colege library. The building will be the most modern type, consisting of a four-story section to house the book stacks, with the rest of the three-story section housing reading rooms, seminar rooms, etc.

The department of agriculture reports a greater enrollment this fall than at any time for a number of years. This increased enrollment is explained in part by the addition of eight scholarships which permit interested students to follow an agricultural career. The agricultural de-

partment won several awards at the state fair at Lewisburg, W. Va., during August, and honors at the agricultural and industrial fair at Dunbar.

Mrs. Margaret James Strickland, who graduated from West Virginia state with the B.S. degree in 1943, received the Ph.D. degree in zoology from the University of Chicago in August. Mrs. Strickland is now an instructor in the department of zoology at Howard university, Washington, D. C.

■

Orientation week for incoming freshmen was held at BENNETT COLLEGE on September 15, with 138 enrolees representing 20 states and the District of Columbia. Faculty conferences were presided over by President David D. Jones and addressed by Robert J. Sailstad, of Davidson college, Davidson, N. C.; Rev. R. D. Crockett, Paul L. Adams, and Nancy L. Pinkard.

The opening vesper service at Bennett on September 25 were in honor of Annie Merner Pfeiffer, whose gifts made possible the erection of many buildings on the campus, including Pfeiffer residence hall, Henry Pfeiffer Science hall, the Merner-Pfeiffer heating plant, and the Annie Merner Pfeiffer chapel and Little Theatre. Guest speaker for the occasion was Dr. Robert H. Pfeiffer, nephew of Mrs. Pfeiffer, and a member of the Harvard and Boston faculties.

■

Formal opening exercises for SHAW UNIVERSITY'S eighty-fourth academic session were held on September 21 in the Greenleaf auditorium, with the opening address being

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A two-weeks study program for missionary women recently closed at Shaw. Fourteen missionary women attended and there were offerings in the Prophets, Baptists and their mission, the adult program of the church, and Christian community service. Instructors included Ann W. Ferebee, in religion and psychology; Mary Alice Miller, art; Mrs. Robert P. Daniel, religion; and Rev. Moses N. Delaney, department of rural church.

New building and grounds assistant at Shaw is Bennie Brown, a graduate of Georgia state college.

■

Registration for the fall term of the eighty-fourth year in all university divisions at LINCOLN UNIVERSITY (Mo.) was held on September 12. Classes began on September 13 following the annual opening convocation of all students.

Lincoln is to receive $500 under the will of the late Mrs. Fannie Cook, St. Louis author, painter, and former social worker who died on August 25. The will, dated March 6, 1944, and filed recently in Probate Court at Clayton, a suburb of St. Louis, provides for bequests to both the University of Missouri and Lincoln of equal amounts for similar purposes. Mrs. Cook was winner in 1946 of the George Washington Carver Memorial Award of $2,500 for her novel, *Mrs. Palmer's Honey*.

Ground was broken in September for the construction of a new dormitory for men. Estimated to cost $409,000, the building is expected to be ready for occupancy by the fall

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semester of 1950. Georgian colonial in design, the building will house 100 men students, two matron's suites, storage rooms, laundry pressing room, barber shop, dinette, recreation room, living room, and two trunk and storage rooms.

Dwight Reed, former star end on the Bernie Bierman's Minnesota Gophers and erstwhile coach of the Louisville Municipal college team, has been appointed head football coach at Lincoln. He will be assisted by Alonzo Dent and Charles Hoard, end and line coaches respectively.

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THE CRISIS

Your Dollar's Worth

With the ever increasing cost of living and the scarcity of dollars we thought you would like to know which are the best buys for your money. So here is a page of information about products based on technical analysis by Consumers Union, an organization which has been in business over ten years and to whose monthly publication "Monthly Reports" over 200,000 *consumers subscribe.*

MEN'S SHIRTS

CU's tests of 80 *men's white broadcloth shirts with soft and fused collars disclose that while price is no sure guide to quality, high quality shirts cost* $3.95 *or more. However, three shirts at* $2.95 *or less rated high enough in relation to price to warrant special mention. They were: Alden's* Aldencrest *with soft collar, Cat. No.* 5586, $2.95 *plus postage; Sear's* Pilgrim *with fused collar, Cat. No.* 25, $1.47 *plus postage; Schulte's* Leeds Lifewear *with fused collar,* $2.59.

Fused collars generally stood up better under laboratory abrasion tests than soft collars. In actual use a fused collar can be expected to wear longer only if it is laundered in accordance with instructions, and this is difficult when shirts are sent to a laundry.

Construction features to be found in a good shirt are a curved rather than a straight yoke seam, gathers over the shoulder blades, a cuff placket large enough to permit the cuff to be ironed flat, a gusset between the shirt tails and stitching at either side of the front panels. All of these features are likely to affect wearing quality insofar as they relieve the strain on the fabric or make ironing easier.

Among the best "Acceptable" shirts with soft collars were Van Heusen, $4.95 (*multi-ply collar*); *Macy Associates'* Supre-macy, $3.98. *Among the best shirts with fused collars were Penney* Towncraft Deluxe, $3.98; Arrow, $4.50; *Sear's* Pilgrim, *Cat. No.* 348, $3.65 *plus postage; and* Manhattan, $4.50.

INKS

A good writing ink should flow evenly from the pen and produce crisp, even lines which do not strike through the paper to the other side, according to Consumers Union. Such an ink should dry quickly and not smudge when touched. It should be uniform in color from bottle to bottle, resist fading and be stable enough not to decompose, produce sediment or clog the pen. Where steel-point pens are used the ink should not corrode them excessively. Permanent inks should resist the action of water; washable inks should live up to their name. CU advises that if permanence is not an

important consideration, you choose a washable ink, for permanence is only a liability when accidents occur. Permanent inks found "Acceptable" by CU were: Higgins *Eternal Black and* Waterman's *Blue Black.*

"Acceptable" washable inks were Sheaffer's Skrip *Washable Blue;* Parker Quink *New Washable Blue;* Sanford's Penit *Washable Blue.*

LARGE PICTURE TELEVISION SETS

CONSUMER REPORTS follows its article on 10-inch television sets with a report on sets having larger tube sizes. Larger picture size definitely increases television enjoyment but the cost is high, and there is the likelihood of improvements and changes in the near future which would make new sets desirable. CU tested one "Protelgram" set which projects a picture as large as 3 ft. x 4 ft. onto a wall or separate screen, but the picture from this set (the Fisher *TLG-100, $595) was rather dim and appeared to lack the sharpness of direct view TV sets.*

At the top of the "Acceptable" list in the Consumers Union tests was RCA-Victor 8-T-270, $496.85 *(now discontinued, and the manufacturer claims it is substantially the same as the new* 9-T-270, $396.63). *Others high on the quality list included the* Admiral 24C15, $301.95, *and the* Stromberg Carlson TS-125-HM ($375.78). *The 10"* RCA 9-T-240, *formerly found best by CU is now superseded by the* 9-T-246 *at the lower price of* $201.07. *It is claimed to be substantially the same as the* 9-T-240.

RUG AND UPHOLSTERY CLEANERS

Of nineteen brands of rug and upholstery cleaners tested by Consumers Union, 13 were found "Not Acceptable," either because they contained soap or other substances which may harm woolen fibers, or because they left a sticky residue which would encourage soil retention as the rugs become resoiled.

Home rug shampooing is a hard job, and its economy should be weighed against the convenience and superior cleaning job possible with professional equipment at a rug cleaning plant. If you decide to shampoo a rug at home, use a safe detergent, and pick a clear, dry day. Make sure the rug is colorfast by trying the shampoo in an inconspicuous place. Vacuum the rug well, if possible, on both sides. Make up a quantity of suds. Wash a foot square section at a time, overlapping when you go to the next. Apply the suds with a soft-bristled scrubbing brush, using a minimum of water. Rinse by wiping off with damp, not wet, cloths.

"Your Dollar" is a digest of articles appearing in CONSUMER REPORTS (the monthly magazine published by Consumers Union, 38 E. First Street, N. Y. 3, and available by individual subscription at $5 a year). Product ratings are based on unbiased laboratory tests on samples purchased by Consumers Union in the open market.

Fashion Notes

The Winter fashion news is exciting. Exciting because everything has tremendous dash, but is still wearable and flattering—and that's good news for most of us. Even though our pocketbook is slim we can all achieve smartness and that "all together look" through careful planning of our wardrobe—color mixing and the right colors for us—good accessories and well chosen jewelry plus—and its a big one—that day to day grooming.

Skirts are shorter. The well turned calf and ankle has its day again! Of course we can always go romantic in the evening if we love trailing gowns. However, the men folk really favor this shorter trend. And the shorter length evening gown or date dress is good on everyone. Try it with a pair of sheer clocked stockings and a velvet pump—maybe with a glittering buckle—very provocative. In the first Paris openings skirts were very short and for those who like it and can wear it--swell—but fifteen inches seems a good street length.

I've seen some really stunning fitted coats with full skirts and small waists—double breasted. In a red with persian was one of my favorites. The ¾ fur lined coat in brilliant colors is wonderful over suits and wool dresses. This can be had in a medium price range if you don't insist on mink.

Color—one of our biggest tools in our wardrobe planning. But what a mess if we just go wild. First of all if fashion says red or yellow or pink and that's not for you, stick to the colors that are for you. But don't be mule-headed and say I just can't wear red—I never have—try it—or a shade of whatever color it is and if you can wear it you'll find the discovery stimulating. The colors this winter are lively—gold—amber—browns—glowing reds—for day time—shimmering blues and greens in evening materials. There's a color for all of us and search till you get the right one for you. Materials are enchanting—wools—soft misty tweeds (these with bright sweaters) wool jerseys and velveteens. Shimmering satins, the fabulous velvets and brocades and the very soft billowy tulles.

Boon to all of us—the separates. If we start with a basic suit and branch out with a skirt or two, an odd jacket, sweaters and blouses. There is no end to effective and different appearing combinations. I like the vests that are so smart now as they are not too warm and yet give a finished look to a skirt and blouse or sweater combination. In suede—corduroy—velveteen. The black velveteen dresses you up a bit.

Shop well for your accessories as these can change one's whole ensemble—demeanor and mien. That odd pin on your shoulder—one good looking bracelet instead of half a dozen mediocre ones—a bright chiffon scarf on your black wool—a handmade leather belt and for your square or portrait neckline a jeweler's dream of a necklace (but we get it elsewhere).

The Make-Up Box

Whether you pay three dollars for a jar of perfumed illusion or ten cents for a jar of cold cream, what you get is pretty much the same. Generally it's a mixture of a little lanolin and a lot of mineral oil, some waxes to make the cream hard, and some water to emulsify the mixture. Sometimes there's a little color added to make the cream match the color of your boudoir and, always, there's some perfume to cover the rather unpleasant odor of the fats and oils.

Cold cream is not a very efficient cleanser. Soap and water are much better—in fact they are the best detergents (dirt removers) known. The classical experiment suggested by the cream advocates is that you wash your face with soap and water, dry it, and then rub on cold cream. When the cream is removed with a sheet of cleansing tissue you will find a dark residue on the tissue. This is supposed to be convincing testimony that soap and water do not get all the dirt. What the advocates of the experiment neglect to say is that if, after the first 'round, you wash your face again, and put on and take off another coat of cold cream, the phenomenon will be repeated. The dark-looking residue on the cleansing tissue is just so much melted grease—grease that was in the cold cream before you put it on your face.

With Autumn comes the change from Summer's iridescence to stability. The Cosmetics have taken on a bright new tantalizing brilliance never before realized by the connoisseur. These—together with the all-important factors of true beauty—the well-groomed hair, the clean complexion, and the ever-ready smile symbolize the epitome of flawless beauty.

★ ★ ★

The lipsticks and the nail polishes do not necessarily blend but they must be able to offset each other to flattering advantage while the powder need not be a mask but brushed on ever so slightly to eliminate the proverbial "shine on the nose."

★ ★ ★

The perfumes from Paris and elsewhere are divine, just tip lightly behind the ear—mark you—tip lightly because the aromas are very pungent plus the never-to-be-forgotten fact that these fragrances are, oh, so expensive that one cannot afford to—shall we say have a miniature bath?

★ ★ ★

Rouge in cold weather is not advisable as it only helps and stimulates chapped skin. Let your lip stick be slightly on the oily side or even use a colorless one over the regular shade to prevent the lips from cracking-up. Anyway, whatever you do DO NOT LICK THEM with your tongue as that is one of the surest ways to keep an epidemic of chapped lips.

Recipes

A five dollar prize will be given for the best recipe of the month. Winning recipe will be chosen by the editors.

STUFFED PORK CHOPS

4 *thick pork chops (have pocket cut from next to bone). Fill pockets with bread stuffing.*

BREAD STUFFING: 2 cups dry bread crumbs, 1 minced onion, ½ teaspoon salt, sage to taste, 2 tablespoons melted butter. Combine ingredients and lightly brown in skillet. Stuff pockets. Place in baking dish and cook about 1 hour. (Serves four)

★ ★ ★

ORANGE CANDIED SWEET POTATOES

6 *medium boiled sweet potatoes, 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon orange juice, ½ tablespoon orange peel (grated), ¾ cups light syrup, ¼ cup brown sugar.*

Pare potatoes and cut in half. Place in skillet and dot with butter. Combine remaining ingredients. Pover over potatoes. Cook uncovered over low heat about 15 minutes. Baste frequently.

★ ★ ★

POTATO CHOWDER

(Using left-over white potatoes)

2 *cups diced potatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped onions, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 can chicken soup, 1 cup tomatoes, salt and pepper to taste, 1 cup evaporated milk. Combine potatoes, onion, heat in fat, add chicken soup, tomatoes and seasoning. Simmer for about 20 minutes. Add milk, heat and serve at once.*

★ ★ ★

LEMON CREAM PIE

1 *can condensed milk, 1 medium box vanilla wafers, 2 lemons, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 2 egg whites, 4 tablespoons sugar.*

Line pie plate with vanilla wafers. Pour condensed milk in bowl, add lemon juice, take lemon rind and grate in bowl, beat well. Pour mixture over vanilla wafers. Beat egg whites until stiff, add sugar and vanilla. Spread on top of pie filling. Place in a hot oven and brown top slightly. Let cool then place in refrigerator until chilled. (Serves 8)

Health Hints

These pages will be devoted to those Health Hints which are possible to write about without actually prescribing—which is a doctors business. But, we think that it is best that we first give you a detailed list of the materials which should go into your medicine cabinet.

MEDICINE CABINET

The average household medicine chest needs no more than the following items:

Mild Tincture of Iodine U.S.P. 2% solution. Keep in a glass or rubber-stoppered 1-oz. bottle for not more than one year. (Ordinary Tincture of Iodine is a 7% solution. It is too strong for everyday use.) A more expensive but probably more effective antiseptic is Tincture of Merphenyl Borate—Hamilton Laboratories, Hamilton, Qhio. Boric Acid Powder. Make up solution as needed (one teaspoonful to a glass of boiled water.)

Rubbing Alcohol 70%, Tannic-acid Powder (2 ounces), Petrolatum (Vaseline), Baking Soda, Mineral Oil (Liquid Petrolatum, U.S.P.), Aspirin, Aromatic Spirits of Ammonia (one ounce). Keep not over one year. Syrup of Ipecac, Clinical Thermometer. Hot-water bottle with syringe attachments.

FIRST-AID DRESSINGS

Adhesive Bandage (such as Band-Aids), Gauze Bandage (1-inch and 3-inch widths), Sterile Gauze Dressing, Adhesive Tape, Absorbent Cotton (2-ounce roll), Scissors, Tweezers, Dental Floss.

The medicine chest should be kept out of the reach of children. All bottles in it should be tightly stoppered and carefully labeled, not only as to contents, but as to use and dosage of the medicines they contain. The chest should be given frequent and thorough goings-over. Old prescriptions should be discarded promptly when they are no longer in use.

PAIN

Pain is a symptom of a disease or a disorder. It is Nature's way of warning us that something is wrong. In effect, pain is simply a "Stop, Look and Listen" sign. But the sign does not, as many people think, point in the direction of the nearest drug store. Nor does it exhort you to take any one of a hundred "pain killers," like Anacin, Pyramidon, or Bromo-Seltzer. *Yet hundreds of people die every year because they have been persuaded to believe that that is just what pain meant.*

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Editorials

OUR NEW FORMAT

IN this issue of *The Crisis* we have tried to round out the contents of the magazine so that there will be something of interest to everyone in the family. In the past we feel we have neglected our women readers, but with the addition of *Health Hints, Your Dollar's Worth, etc.*, we are certain that the ladies will no longer feel slighted.

We are offering a five dollar prize for the best recipe of the month, to be chosen by a committee of *The Crisis*.

In the future you can expect more pictures, art illustrations, and an all round more interesting magazine. Do tell your friends about *The Crisis*, and most important—get them to subscribe.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WITH the death of Oswald Garrison Villard on October 1 at the age of seventy-seven, America lost a great soldier in the freedom-war of humanity and the Negro a warm friend. Mr. Villard fought all his life to put an end to segregation, jim crow, disfranchisement, all the barriers to our full citizenship, so as to create for us those rights guaranteed by the Constitution. He first loaned his talents to our cause at a time when it was almost odious to do so. He carried into this crusade the righteous indignation and the fiery enthusiasm of his maternal grandfather William Lloyd Garrison, the abolitionist.

Fearlessness of thought was his fundamental trait of mind, just as his one purpose was the abolition of injustice. His obvious sincerity, his high moral courage in the face of odds, his deep humanitarianism made him a noble and inspiring figure.

His connection with the group that founded the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People led to his writing of "The Call," that impressive document challenging America to fulfill the promises of her democracy. Despite his advancing years his intense and practical interest in the work of the NAACP never diminished. On the occasion of the fortieth annual conference in Los Angeles, California, Mr. Villard sent the Association a telegram, which said in part:

> We were told it could not be done. . . . We were told that there would not be enough white cranks and idealists to make a go of it, and that the colored people would not back it, and that such a movement would not have any political effect. . . .
>
> What has happened? It has become one of the two or three most powerful political and reform movements in the United States with 450,000 members, chiefly supported and run by Negroes. Its achievements are an outstanding and glorious chapter in our political history.

HASTIE APPOINTMENT

WE rejoice in the appointment of Governor William E. Hastie to the federal bench of the Third Circuit Court of Appeals. And President Truman deserves applause for this recognition of a great legal mind. Governor Hastie brings excellent qualifications to the federal bench. He is a man of deep culture, broad experience in affairs, and ripe judicial experience.

In 1937 President Roosevelt appointed him a federal judge in the Virgin Islands; President Truman sent him back in 1946 as governor. While dean of the Howard University Law school, he was called by Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes to become assistant solicitor in the Department of the Interior. In 1940 he was appointed civilian aide to the Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson, a post from which he later resigned. In all these positions Mr. Hastie acquitted himself brilliantly.

Governor Hastie is a member of the NAACP board of directors as well as the Association's national legal committee. We hail this addition to the federal judiciary of a man of ability and integrity.

CIVIL RIGHTS CRUSADE

DESPITE all the noisy promises the politicians broadcast on the civil-rights program here is the first session of the 81st Congress at an end without the enactment of a single piece of civil-rights legislation. None of the promises came true.

From now on Negro voters are going to keep a sharp eye on their Congressmen. They are not going to take the side-tracking of the civil-rights program lying down. They want civil-rights bills to be the first order of business in the second session of the 81st Congress when it meets in January. Negroes are restless, tired of empty promises and broken pledges. And they know that the most effective place to register their disapproval of Congressional inaction is at the ballot box next November.

The NAACP is going to bring this fact home in its national civil-rights campaign. In accordance with a resolution passed at the fortieth annual conference in Los Angeles, California, last July, the NAACP Civil Rights Committee has already mapped out a plan whereby the people through state and local action are going to mobilize their support to begin a nation-wide crusade to remove the stigma of segregation and discrimination This drive will end with a huge national conference in Washington, D. C. Invitations have alrready been issued to more than ninety national organizations to participate. When Negroes vote next November they are going to do so in the full knowledge of all the facts about their Congressmen and their stand on Civil Rights, as shown in their actions in the next session.

BOOK REVIEWS

TOUSSAINT-LOUVERTURE

***Black Liberator:* The Life of Toussaint Louverture. By Stephen Alexis. Translated from the French by William Stirling. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1949. 227pp. $5.00.**

It is interesting to observe how great men come up again and again to be written about, generation after generation. And Toussaint-Louverture is no exception. Men have been writing about "the black liberator" ever since 1802 when Louis Dubroca issued his vituperative *Life*, but in our day they are beginning to write of him in the right spirit as one of mankind's choice souls. Within the past few years we have had two excellent biographies of him in English: one by Cyril James and the other by Ralph Korngold. Nor have his own countrymen neglected him. Timoléon C. Brutus published an interpretative study in 1945, and now we have M. Alexis' *Black Liberator*, an abridgment in English of the author's much longer *Toussaint Louverture, Libérateur d'Haiti*.

We already know all that can ever be known now of Toussaint's childhood and youth, and that is precious little. Born on the Bréda plantation at Haut-du-Cap in the north in 1743, or, as some say, in 1746, of Gaou-Guinou, an African prince, and his wife Pauline, Toussaint (one of five children; some say eight) was by turns neatherd, stable boy, and finally coachman to the factor Bayon de Libertat. He was taught reading, writing, the catechism, and a little medicine by his godfather Pierre Baptiste Simon; tradition has it that he read the works of the Abbé Raynal and a little history. At the age of forty he married Suzanne Simon, who already had one natural son and by whom Toussaint had three others. He lived, it seems, a comparatively happy life during the twelve years preceding the French Revolution.

When the Revolution broke out, Toussaint was almost fifty years old. It was two years later that he barged unobtrusively into history with the slave revolt under Boukman and although he took no part in the actual rebellion, tradition has it that he did share in the preparation. We next find him serving with the forces of the rebels Biassou and Jean-François under the imposing title of "Physician-in-Chief to the Armies of the King of France." Breaking with Biassou, we find him four years later a general of brigade in the French Army; then by turns a lieutenant in the government of Saint-Domingue and a general of division; and by May 1, 1797, the general-in-chief of the French Army of Saint-Domingue; all this in six brief years.

He had defeated the British and the Spaniards and driven them from the island, suppressed rebellion, stopped French interference, unified the country, and made himself the *de facto* ruler of Haiti. With the proclamation of his Constitution on July 7, 1801, Toussaint was at the zenith of his power. But the descent began soon thereafter. On orders from Napoleon, he was treacherously seized, transported to France, and imprisoned in the Fort de Joux high in the Jura mountains near the Swiss border, where he survived barely eight months of the bitter cold and the humiliating treatment of his jailors. He was found dead in his cell on April 7, 1803.

This most recent biography makes effective use of the dramatic possibilities

of the story, yet it is in many ways a very unsatisfactory book. First, there is very little description of Haiti itself, the land and the people, so necessary to give perspective to the life of Toussaint. Secondly, what is a much greater defect is the author's indiscriminate mixing of fact and fancy.

He accepts, without a scintilla of proof, the legend that Toussaint's father was Gaou-Guinou, an African prince. Isaac Louverture seems responsible for this fable, one which Alfred Nemours Auguste repeats (also without documentation) in his history of the Toussaint family. The fact is we do not know his father. In a letter to Napoleon in 1802 Toussaint refers to "my father, who is blind at present," but mentions no name. He seems to have been talking about his godfather Pierre Baptiste Simon who was still alive at Ennery. We are equally ignorant as to the date of his birth. M. Alexis places it in 1743, his son Isaac, in 1746; others in 1739, 1745, and 1746. Because a slave lacked civil status or *d'état civil*, we shall never know. What about the origin of the agnomen Louverture? Our author's explanation, like that of other biographers, is pure fancy. M. Alexis accepts the version which ascribes it to Laveaux's remark that Toussaint forced an "opening everywhere." Toussaint first uses it in an *adresse* of August 25, 1793, which he signs "Toussaint-Louverture." His original name seems to have been François Dominque Toussaint-Bréda, the *Bréda*, of course, being the name of the plantation.

Our author accepts Macandal's poison plot without proof. Though credited by historians, documentary evidence is lacking. And it is doubtful if Toussaint was present at Macandal's execution as our author states. And like a Hollywood scenarist he must conjure up "a young virgin, naked, statuesque" as the sacrificial sybil in Boukman's Vodun ceremony. Again pure fancy; all accounts mention *une vieille negresse* or "an old Negress." He claims there was a secret treaty between Toussaint and the Englishman Maitland, but where is the documentary evidence? "Toussaint was solemnly liberated" says our author without telling his readers that actually it was a *liberté de savanne* under which the slave remained the legal property of his master while enjoying most of the privileges of a freeman.

M. Alexis also credits Toussaint with apocryphal pre-nuptial love affairs while ignoring the authenticated testimony of Lacroix and Boudet on the "locks of hair of all colors . . . love letters," etc., found in the double bottom of Toussaint's chest and which they destroyed because of the prominence of the white women involved.

These are a few of the many imaginative statements of our author for which there is not the slightest documentary evidence. The book likewise abounds in typographical errors. If we overlook these obvious shortcomings, and other faults of construction, what we have is a good dramatic story of the military phases of Toussaint's life. The definitive biography of Toussaint-Louverture is still to be written and it will have to make use of the wealth of material in the French archives and the photostats in the Congressional Library.

J. W. I.

USA THROUGH BRAZILIAN EYES

***A Volta Do Gato Preto* [The Return of the Black Cat]. Por Erico Verissimo. Rio de Janeiro: Edicao da Livraria do Globo, 1948. 3.a Edicao. 440pp.**

This title continues the same author's *Black Cat in a Snow Field* (1941), a book of comment on the United States. Sr. Verissimo, an exciting writer and one of Brazil's outstanding novelists, spent two years (1943-1945) in the United States as a visiting professor at the University of California and Mills college and he

now tells us in diary form what he saw, observed, and felt during that period. He travelled over much of the country, spoke at countless teas, luncheons, and dinners, and took the trouble to inform himself about our history and folkways. This has qualified him to say some interesting things, and we are not disappointed.

He writes about us as a complex people who cannot be pigeon-holed. We are not just crass materialists, nor are we sex-maniacs or puritans. We love machines; in fact, he thinks we are machine-mad; even our religion, he thinks, is "a kind of gadget," a "machine for entering heaven." He admires the promptness with which we say, "I don't know" when we really don't know, but looks askance at our passion for "glamorizing life." We even "glamorize" our cemeteries, he says.

He examines our "Negro problem" with a critical eye while not unmindful that "the position of the Negro [in Brazil] is economically the worst possible, and socially it is not much better." He says, commenting on Robeson in *Othello*, that "Seeing this black man embracing the blond Desdemona, I imagined the reaction of many of the white Americans present for whom a Negro is a being apart in the zoological scale. He is naturally a little higher than the ape, not so handsome as a horse, and positively much lower than man."

He marvels that a nation of Christians and Samaritans out to do good works, that a people who prate incessantly about democracy and equality, should go to such lengths to keep the Negro segregated and dehumanized. He notes that people who would be considered *morenos* or browns in Brazil are here considered *Negroes*. One oblique comment on American racism is the following: He had just enrolled his children in a California public school and as parent he was asked to fill in a form. One space asked him to indicate his race, whether he was white, Negro, Mexican, or Japanese. Verissimo says he went and looked at himself in his mirror. Since the mirror denied that he was as blond as Lana Turner, he certainly could not be white; nor was he black, so he was hardly a Negro phenotype; and he knew he could not be either Mexican or Japanese since he was not born in either country. Therefore he put down: "I am a human being."

Our author thinks we are a very practical people, but that's about all. He doesn't think us especially brilliant or fascinating. Viewing us from the oblique angle of the foreigner, Sr. Verissimo has some wise and penetrating things to say about us.

J. W. I.

IN BRIEF

You Can't Win: Facts and Fallacies About Gambling. **By Ernest E. Blanche, Ph.D. Washington: Public Affairs Press, 1949. 155pp. $2.00.**

Dr. Blanche, basing his book on the fact that gambling has always been and always will be a crooked business, and that the mathematical probabilities are always against the bettor, shows why the man who gambles is a sucker. The author, who is chief statistician for the logistics division of the Army General Staff, takes up the trickery and mathematical odds in dice and card games, betting on horses and the numbers, lotteries and polls, pin-ball and slot machines, roulette, carnival games, bingo, the chain letter and pyramid schemes, and various other gambling games. He points out that fifty million Americans participate in such games without realizing the odds against them. Yet this hard-hitting, factual book, despite the cold logic of its conclusions, will hardly make a dent in the gambling industry. Gamblers and gambling have been exposed before, even by the gamblers

themselves when turned reformers, as, for example, in the case of John Philip Quinn and his unctuously precise *Fools of Fortune* (1890); still the "pursuit of false pleasure, and the mischiefs of immoderate gaming" go merrily on. One can readily agree with the moralist that gambling is a vice; and with the economist that it is contingent gain; but what these two frequently overlook is the fact that gambling is many other things besides: it is partly sport, partly social intercourse, and partly just social habit. No one denies that it is socially unproductive and that it transfers wealth on the basis of chance. The question John Gay asked in his *Fables* more than two hundred years ago is still pertinent:

"Could fools to keep their own contrive,
On what, on whom could gamesters thrive?"

***Religion, Diet, and Health of Jews.* By J. Ida Jiggetts, R.N., B.S., M.A. New York: Bloch Publishing Company, 1949. XIII+ 125pp. $2.75.**

The thesis of this little book is that there is some correlation between the diet of orthodox Jews and their health. In support of this point of view, Mrs. Jiggetts run through the customs and laws of the Jews, the manner in which they prepare their food, and a nutritional analysis of orthodox Jewish diet. She lists sample menus, throws in a few statistical charts and diagrams, and concludes with a glossary of Jewish terms. Written originally as a master of arts thesis at New York University, the book suffers from the flimsy defects of such studies. In a word, superficiality.

***Macamba.* By Lilia Van Saher. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc., 1949. 264pp. $3.00.**

Miss Saher's new novel is a warmhearted account of life among the *landskinderen* or natives of Curaçao, the Dutch-owned island off the coast of Venezuela. Mixed with the exotic background and the love of Paul Hekke, the half-caste hero, for the Dutch-Javanese girl, Doerga, are the color problems and the divided loyalties of a mixed population. Paul, the offspring of a native mother and a privileged Dutch-Jewish father, is never owned by his sire and perforce must live with his mother in a humble shack on the outskirts of Willemstad. An interesting novel for its analyses of people and its vivid descriptions of native life. The macamba of the title was originally a native term for a white man but now means any transient who does not speak Papiamento and lives off the island without adapting himself to its ways.

•

***Patterns of Anti-Democratic Thought: An Analysis and a Criticism, with Special Reference to the American Political Mind in Recent Times.* By David Spitz. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1949, XIII+304pp. $4.50.**

An examination of anti-democratic thinking in America ranging from the Committee on Un-American Activities through James Burnham (who argues for an economic-political oligarchy), Lawrence Dennis (who believes in the "elite as power"), Ralph A. Cram (a believer in natural aristocracy), George Santayana (another believer in natural aristocracy plus aesthetic Catholicism), T. S. Eliot and Paul Elmer More (conservative Catholic and New England humanists, respectively, but both likewise believing in the natural born aristocrat), and a racial superiority brother like Madison Grant. Regardless of their ideology, these men and their disciples all "deny the possibility or challenge the desirability of democracy." Democracy is understood in this book as political, a state in which there is free play of conflicting opinions and "the constitutional responsibility of the rulers to the ruled." Dr. Spitz gives a

fair summary of the ideology of each man and then proceeds to tear both his logic and position to shreds. This is an unusual book full of acute analyses and pertinent criticism.

The Show of Violence. **By Frederic Wertham, M.D. New York: Doubleday and Company, Inc., 1949. 279pp. $3.00.**

With the galloping excitement of a good detective story, this book argues that murder is a preventible crime. In vital statistics murder actually outranks tuberculosis in many parts of the United States. And in the country as a whole Dr. Wertham claims that there is an average of a murder every forty-five minutes. Such a high homicide rate is not, as the author is at pains to make clear, the manifestation of inborn murderous tendencies but is sociologically determined by our society's callous indifference to human life. Dr. Wertham proves his point with wit and irony, especially at the expense of the law and the police, by citing his psychiatric experience with such notorious murderers as Martin Lavin, Albert Fish, Robert Irwin, Forlino, and "Medea in Modern Dress." Martin Lavin was a professional killer who always managed to escape the penalty of his crimes. Albert Fish was a sado-masochist who preyed on children. He was finally caught for killing little Grace Budd. Robert Irwin was the sculptor who killed the Gedeons. Forlino stabbed his baby niece to death, and the "Medea in Modern Dress" killed her own little girl and made an attempt on the life of her boy. All these murders could have been prevented says Dr. Wertham if society had sufficiently cared. A book to give one pause.

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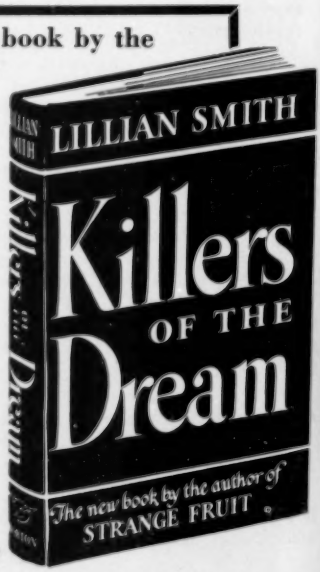

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EDUCATION

Hempstead: The Association is preparing an appeal to the New York State Department of Education asking that the department ban the segregation of Negro children in the city schools of Hempstead, L. I.

Hempstead parents, rather than send their children to a jim-crow school, have established a school center in the Union Baptist church, pending action by the Hempstead board of education. Mothers have volunteered to take turns supervising the children and giving them hot lunches. Members of the American Jewish Congress and the Parent-Teachers Association also have volunteered to assist.

P. THERON TOWNSEND, *business manager for local No. 73, General Service Employees Union, AFL, presents a check for* $500 *to Herbert Hill (right) of the NAACP national office, for the Association on behalf of the Chicago, Ill., Joint Council of the Building Service Employees International Union.*

Caradine

A LEGISLATIVE AND POLITICAL *action program was worked out at the Tennessee state conference meeting, in Jackson, Tenn., August* 25-26. *On front row (left of sign) are M. W. Day, treasurer; Mrs. E. B. Cowan, secretary. On right of sign are Utillus Phillips, state president; Gloster B. Current, director of NAACP branches.*

POSTAL WORKERS

Cleared: Frank Dobson, Boston, who had been suspended from his postal job on loyalty charges, has been cleared of the charges and reinstated in his position in the Baltimore, Md., post office. Mr. Boston had been charged with Communistic activity and association with Communists and fellow travelers. It was when the NAACP became convinced that the charges against him stemmed from his fight against racial discrimination in the post office and the City of Baltimore that it took up his case. The Association is handling four other loyalty appeals involving post office workers in Cleveland, Ohio.

Contribution: In September the National Alliance of Postal Employees, through its president, Ashby B. Carter, gave the NAACP a check for $541.50, the first in a series of contributions which this organization will make in connection with the fortieth anniversary campaign of the NAACP. The NAPE has already appointd a committee, headed by Arthur J. Chapital of New Orleans, to raise funds from each of its branches as a special token

of appreciation for the Association's forty years of service. The larger branches have been asked to contribute $100; the smaller ones, $40 each.

GROVELAND

Fund Grows: Contributions have now brought the Groveland, Florida, "Little Scottsboro Case" fund to $4,600.05. Included in this total is the sum of $235 contributed by the following labor organizations: Local 91, ILGWU, AFL, $100; Local 62, ILGWU, AFL, $50; Local 99, ILGWU, $25; District No. 27, United Rubber Workers of America, CIO, $25; Local 9, ILGWU, $15; Local 74, School and Library Employees, $10; and Local 153, Office Employees International Union, $10. NAACP branches have contributed $3,142.42 to date: Alfred Baker Lewis, a member of the NAACP national board of directors, $500; individuals, $1,130.00; organizations, $274.38; and other sources, $9.50.

CONFERENCES

National: The 41st annual conference of the NAACP will be held in Boston, Mass., June 20-25. The conference site was chosen at the 40th

PLAINTIFFS IN SIX SUITS *filed by the Baltimore, Md. branch for their admission to the graduate schools of the University of Maryland. Pictured here conferring with NAACP attorney Donald Gaines Murray (center), who was himself the successful plaintiff to open up the U. of M. law school 14 years ago, are (L to R) Esther McCready, nursing; Richard F. Tyson, pharmacy; Hiram T. Whittle, engineering; and Donald Stewart, dentistry. Plaintiffs not shown are Richard Williams, dentistry, and Lucille Williams, home economics.*

GIRLS' SOFT BALL *team of the Bay Shore, L. I., NAACP youth council.*

annual conference last July in Los Angeles, Calif. The New England Conference of NAACP Branches will be host to the convention.

State: The following series of state conferences of NAACP branches were held this fall: Texas conference, Waco, September 16-18; Ohio, Youngstown, September 23-25; New Jersey, Trenton, September 24; Pennsylvania, Media, October 7-9; South Carolina, Florence, October 15-17; Virginia, Norfolk, October 21-23.

The following conferences have been scheduled for November and December: Alabama, Tuskegee, November 18-20; and Indiana, Terre Haute, December 2-4.

MISCELLANEOUS

Baltimore: The Baltimore, Md., branch opened its fall membership drive in September. Largest of the branches, the Baltimore group is seeking 20,000 members. The drive is being spearheaded by Mrs. Lillie M. Jackson, who is being assisted by Marion O. Bond, campaign director, and a corps of volunteer workers.

Other cities launching membership drives this month include Cleveland, Ohio, with a goal of 10,000; and Chicago, Ill., with a goal of 15,000. About one-fourth of the branches planned fall membership campaigns.

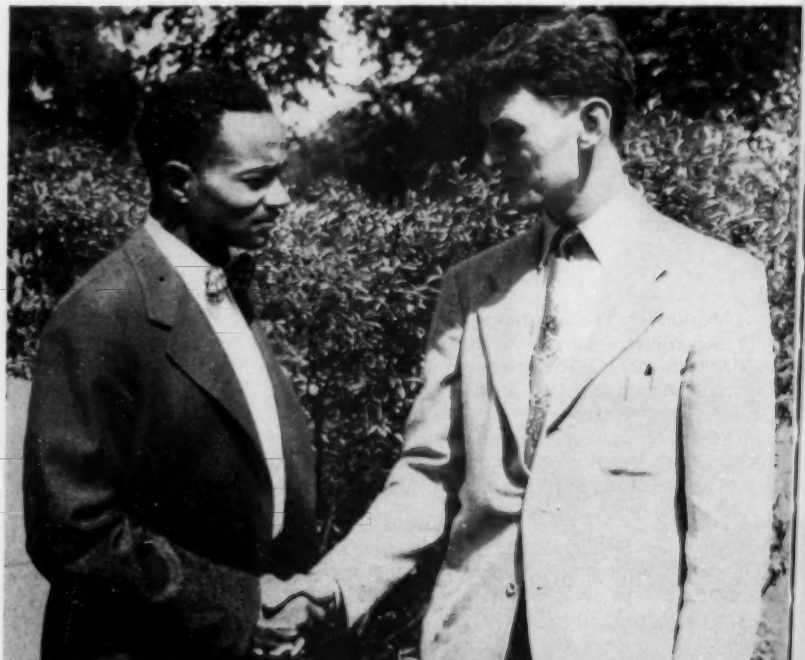
Rutledge: The NAACP board of directors declared, in a resolution adopted on September 12, that the loss sustained in the recent death of Justices Murphy and Rutledge of the United States Supreme Court "is incalculable in our struggle for recognition of full citizenship rights for all Americans without regard to race, creed, or color."

"The courage and determination of these two justices," the resolution continues, brought about the most far-reaching decisions in favor of civil rights by the United States Supreme Court. Their presence on the court gave additional assurance to all Americans that justice could be obtained in the courts of the land. . . . Each carried on his labors even to the destruction of his health. There are no words adequate to express the deep loss recognized by our board and the membership of the NAACP as well as by all other freedom-loving Americans."

State Fair: Charges of discrimination against Negro school children at the Southern States Fair, Charlotte, N. C., were denied by the exposition's president, Dr. J. S. Dorton, in a letter to Kelly M. Alexander, president of the North Carolina State Conference of the NAACP.

Mr. Alexander had protested the fact that "Negro school children were not extended the courtesies that were advertised for 'all school children of Charlotte and Mecklenburg county' " and had asked that Negro children be allowed "to enjoy the opportunities in a democratic society."

Dr. Dorton admitted that the "greatest problem" at the fair "exists in the fact that we do not have adequate dual sanitary facilities.



JAMES T. HARRIS, JR., *outgoing president of the National Student Association is shown shaking hands with his successor, Robert A. Kelly (right).*

Acme

NEGRO PUBLIC SCHOOL *patrons demanding a fireproof school. Pickets before the Bruce school, Kansas City, Mo.*

What the Branches Are Doing

New England: The board of Directors of the NEW ENGLAND REGIONAL CONFERENCE met on September 11 in the Crispus Attucks Community Center, Greenwich, Conecticut, with fourteen branches answering to the roll call.

The most interesting report to the conference was that of the legal redress committee, made by Attorney Joseph G. LeCount, committee chairman. This report, in part, follows:

"In relation to the Ralph Jennings murder case in New Hampshire the following facts are deemed pertinent. Trial of this case was begun before the Carroll County Superior Court, Ossipee, N. H., on June 13, 1949, and concluded in that Court on June 30, 1949, after three weeks of trial composed of fourteen actual days in court, with a verdict of guilty on one of three indictments against him and on which he was sentenced by the judge to be hanged by the neck until dead on July 5, 1950. Your association's counsel was surprised on the day the trial began in being confronted with indictments brought against Jennings by the New Hampshire grand jury when, from May 17 to day of trial, we had been demanding and expecting to be furnished with a copy of the indictment supposedly returned against Jennings. The New Hampshire attorney with us was strongly taken to task by us for not informing us of the three indictments.

"During the trial and up to and after the argument of the state's attorney to the jury, we sought five times by proper court motions to compel the state to elect which of the three indictments it intended to use, but without avail.

"The jury acquitted Jennings on the indictment charging him with murder with malice aforethought (straight murder); it acquitted him on the second indictment charging assault with intent to rob, resulting in murder; but convicted him on the third indictment charging him with assault with intent to ravish, resulting in death. On this charge there was the least evidence to warrant conviction. . . . Your counsel

Acme

JOHN C. EASON, JR., *of Washington, D. C., has been named as one of five United States appointees to the fall interneship program of the United Nations.*

BASE BALL TEAM *of the Flushing, L. I., youth council.*

and committee states frankly that the evidence in this case, even that considered most damaging against Jennings . . . was not sufficient to convict him. The motion for a new trial for Jennings was argued before the trial judge in Concord, N. H., on August 24. It is the firm conviction, backed up by competent lawyers who have followed the case, that the case should be carried through to the New Hampshire Supreme Court because of the gross errors of law committed by the prosecution during the course of the trial."

Tennessee: A legislative and political action committee to conduct a registration drive for 200,000 voters in the state of Tennessee and to sponsor a get-out-the-vote campaign in state and federal elections was established at the third annual state conference of Tennessee branches meeting in JACKSON.

Part of the committee's responsibility will be to inform members of the branches of the voting records of members of Congress and the state legislature on measures supported or opposed by the NAACP. The committee will also conduct a campaign to urge all Negro veterans and women to take advantage of a recently-passed law exempting them from payment of the poll tax, and to inform all voters of another recent act providing for permanent registration of all voters through participation in each election.

Excerpted resolutions passed by the conference call for increased registration of voters, a get-out-the-vote campaign, improvement in Negro education at the elementary and high-school level, and the filing of suits to effect the entrance of qualified Negroes into the graduate schools of the state.

New York: The following appraisal

of the NAACP was made upon occasion of the 40th annual conference by the Rev. John LaFarge, S.J., of New York City:

"The National Association, in my opinion, has achieved much of its success because it has preferred the voice of reason and of faith to the voice of mere emotion and the voice of corrosive doubt. Its warfare for human rights is a rational warfare. It is based upon the sober conclusions of reason and experience as to the position of the individual under our American Constitution, his rightful claim to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. . . . The Association's battle for human rights is also based upon faith, a faith in the essential democracy and the essential goodness and justice of the American nation. . . . The Association has never allowed doubt in those ideals to paralyze its program. . . ."

Francis Cardinal Spellman, Archbishop of New York, commenting on the work of the NAACP, added his praise in these words:

"I am pleased to add my congratulations to the many messages which will greet the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People at the conclusion of forty years of service in the cause of justice and good citizenship. . . ."

Southwest: Negro parents of WAXAHACHIE and ADDISON, Texas, have filed suit against their respective independent school boards charging discrimination against Negro children wtih respect to the provision of educational opportunities in the public schools.

Basically similar, the two petitions point up the wide discrepancies between the facilities provided for the education of white and Negro children, and ask the court to "issue a permanent injunction forever restraining the defendants, and each of them, and their successors in office from furthr discriminating against Negro children . . . in maintaining and providing school buildings, school facilities, school curricula and educational opportunities, because of their race and color." However, the Addison petition seeks to enjoin the spending of funds derived from a recent $25,000 bond issue.

THEODORE PERRY, *vice-president for student life and student government, of the United States National Student Association.*

University of Texas: The long-drawn-out and difficult struggle to effect the admission of Negroes to the University of Texas at last showed tangible results when Herman Barnett, a graduate of Samuel Huston, Austin, received notification that he was being accepted to study in the University of Texas medical school in Galveston, which he will attend in the role of a contract student from Texas State University for Negroes in Houston. Mr. Barnett began orientation work at the medical school on September 13. He began attending classes September 19.

Fundamentally, success in Mr. Barnett's case was realized largely because

regional and state officers were alert enough to take advantage of the poor position the state of Texas had maneuvered itself into. Faced with Mr. Barnett's application, formally tendered May 11, the 51st legislature appropriated a piddling $175,000 for a medical school at Texas State University. This was a sum altogether insufficient to start a medical school even remotely equal to that at the University of Texas, but it was thought by many that a makeshift would, nevertheless, be thrown up, thereby forcing Herman Barnett into court as Mr. Sweatt had been forced into court.

This procedure, however, became unfeasible on August 12 when the University of Texas received four more applications, two to the school of mines and metallurgy, both phases of specialized education for which the legislature had made no financial provisions in terms of segregated facilities.

HUMILITY

In God's fair earth, I know not any child,
Who learns of humbleness more sternly than
A tree. She must endure the rain, the wild,
Ill-humored wind; the sad neglect of man.
She bears the burden of the heavy snows
While nude she stands, deprived of kindly leaves.
In silence feels the woodman's heavy blows;
The thunder's anger, while the lightning cleaves
Her bark. A tree must yield to all this might
And bend her will to their demanding power.
Though she succeeds in holding her frail height,
She falls not proudly at her destined hour.

O God, must Thou change me into a tree
'Ere I will learn of sweet Humility?

LORETTA JOHNSON

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We are closing out our entire stock of African Art—Figurines (some slightly damaged), Knives, Forks, and Spoons.

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Negroes in American Society, by Maurice R. Davie—$4.50
The Negro's Morale, by Arnold M. Rose—$2.50

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HAMPTONIANS COMMISSIONED

Three 1949 Hampton Institute graduates were recently nominated by President Truman for regular Army commissions. This brings the number of Hampton Institute ROTC graduates who have received such commissions to eight.

This year's men are Arnold R. Henderson, Jr, senior class president, Redwood, Miss.; Joseph M. Irvine, Richmond, Ky.; and Willie T. Tyus, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CIVIL RIGHTS

★

Watch The Crisis for further notices on the NAACP nation - wide civil - rights campaign.

LOCAL BOY

(*Continued from page* 315)

"not when I remembered that last set-to with Sugar Ray. I was glad to take those gloves off, even in the picture. What it must be like to meet Joe Louis, I can only imagine."

Then followed another picture part in "Manhandled" and, more important, a call to the office of Stanley Kramer.

This was the young and unknown producer who had filed Jimmy away for future reference. Now was that time. Kramer was secretly producing "Home of the Brave," personally approaching actors without benefit of agents, pledging technicians, scripwriters, and all involved in the production to secrecy. In a town like Hollywood, where every activity regarding picture-making meets with instant publicity, this was actually an impossible task. But, Kramer did it. He felt strongly that the time had come for a story of basic conflict such as he had in "Home of the Brave."

"It was our intention," the producer stated, "to make an important entertainment feature without the usual attendant publicity, so that we could be free of pressure, suggestions, and the advice of those not connected with its making. And we felt it unnecessary to exploit the fact that we were making a picture of complete reality."

The part for which he had "pegged" Jimmy Edwards was the central and all-important role of the Negro soldier "Mossy." He was a natural for the part, an intense role demanding inner fires and an impressive diversity of acting talent. The part of a man who is misunderstood and thwarted, whose full capabilities are never realized because of prejudice and the ignorance of those who surround him.

Jimmy knew the part was a great one. He gave it all he had. People still talk about it whenever they talk about good acting. It is very likely he may win an award for it.

MOTHER'S FIRST MOVIE

Naturally, Jimmy was proud. He wrote home about it. His mother, a little lady in her sixties, had never seen a movie. Her feeling about them were mixed. One of the heads of the National Baptist Convention

of Negro Women, and a devoutly religious soul, she had long believed Hollywood to be the actual place of iniquity it is painted, and movies more or less devices of the devil. But if Jimmy was an *actor* in them, why, then, she'd have to go see one.

Came the important night. Big Jimmy escorted the little lady to a showing in Hammond, Indiana, of "The Set-up." With one eye on the screen and the other on the seat beside him, he watched closely for her every reaction. He saw none. Mom sat quietly, hands folded. Through the slow and realistic reels of the brutal story of the prize ring, she was unmoved; until the scene in the dressing room, when the camera flashed to the tall, handsome young fighter in the dark robe. Mom came alive.

"That's my boy!" she cried, loud enough for the whole theatre to hear, and turn as one.

"Keep quiet, Mom!" whispered Jimmy, in a quick agony of shyness.

He'd had his reaction!

Months later, though, after general release of "Home of the Brave," Jimmy held a letter in his hands, and grinned. It was from Mom.

Not yet was she committing herself to praising "movies." She asked if he was reading his *Bible*, and other things; and, oh yes, she had seen "Home of the Brave." There was one brief reference to it.

"I saw the picture, son; your acting has improved." Coming from Mom, that was just about the highest praise in the world for the local boy who made history.

DUANE VALENTRY, *a free-lance writer, lives in Los Angeles, California.*

PROOF OF PUDDING

(*Continued from page* 294)

presented to Washington police.

In St. Louis, the Committee of Racial Equality drew up a similar plan and presented it to the mayor and to George Schermer, director of the Detroit Mayor's Interracial Council, who was engaged to make a study of the racial clash at Fairgrounds Pool. In issuing his report, which called for reopening the pool on a non-segregated basis, Schermer recommended adoption of most of the points in the plan.

Both the Washington and St. Louis plans call for making a complete explanation to groups and individuals on how they can cooperate in making a non-segregated policy work plus a clear statement of policy on the part of the authorities. They also call for organization of sympathetic cooperation from the press and local police.

"The key to controlling the situation when the pool reopens on a non-segregated basis lies in the choice of trained and skillful personnel," the plans say. "This personnel should be interracial."

But while the plans were approved, the authorities in Washington and St. Louis did not have the courage to reopen the two respective pools this summer.

In Philadelphia during the war, when Negroes were first employed on the transit system, these same undemocratic elements aided by the company, organized a phoney protest strike. But the non-jimcrow policy was not abandoned and as a result today, over 200 Negroes are employed on the transit system without any racial disturbances.

LEGAL DIRECTORY

The following directory of some of the many colored lawyers in this country is carried in response to numerous inquiries from readers desiring to contact attorney outside their home towns. The Crisis maintains no legal bureau, and the N.A.A.C.P. handles only cases involving color discrimination, segregation or denial of citizen rights.

ARKANSAS

J. R. Booker
Century Building, Little Rock
Telephone: 2-4248

William A. Booker
Suite 410-12, 3456 S. State St., Chicago 16
Telephone: CAlumet 5-6914

Flowers, Flowers & Trimble
Masonic Temple, Pine Bluff
Telephone: 919

CALIFORNIA

Mathews & Williams
Charles H. Matthews — David W. Williams
2510 S. Central Ave., Los Angeles 11
Telephone: ADams 1-9737—ADams 1-6712

ILLINOIS

Ellis & Westbrooks
3000 South State St., Chicago 16
Telephone: CALumet 4968—4969

William Henry Huff
520 E. 35th St., Chicago 16
Telephone: OAK 6749

Loring B. Moore
180 W. Washington St., Suite 500
Chicago, Telephone RAndolph 6-1094

INDIANA

Charles Quincy Mattocks
427 W. 30th St., Indianapolis 8
Telephone: Wabash 1444

KENTUCKY

Charles W. Anderson, Jr.
602 W. Walnut St., Louisville 3
Telephone: Jackson 6646 & Wabash 4765

MASSACHUSETTS

J. Clifford Clarkson
1597 Main St., Springfield 3
Telephone: 32533

MICHIGAN

Herbert L. Dudley
4256 Russell St., Detroit 7
Telephone: Terrace 2-9134

Floyd H. Skinner
Michigan at Monroe Ave., Grand Rapids 2
Telephone: 8-9042 or 8-6795

Smith and Brown
1000 Lawyer's Building
139 Cadillac Square, Detroit 26, Mich.
Telephone: Cadillac 2176

NEW JERSEY

J. Mercer Burrell
23 Howard St., Newark 3
Telephone: MArket 3-4709

Logan W. McWilson
189-191 Halsey St., Newark 2
Telephone: MArket 3-1779

OHIO

Charles V. Carr
2270 East 55th St., Cleveland 3
Telephone: EXpress 3712-3713

Harry E. Davis
202 Engineers Bldg., Cleveland 14
Telephone: MAin 1320

Chester K. Gillespie
508 Public Sr. Bldg., Cleveland 14
Telephone: CHerry 1835

PENNSYLVANIA

Theodore Spaulding
154 N. 15th St., Philadelphia 2
Telephone: LOcust 1317

TEXAS

F. S. K. Whittaker
711 Prairie Ave., Houston 2
Office: F4895; Home: F0853

VIRGINIA

Reuben E. Lawson
403 Gainsboro Rd., N. W., Roanoke
Telephone: 9751

Willmer F. Dillard
330 Gilmer Ave., N. W.
Roanoke 17
Telephone: 2-2608

VIRGIN ISLANDS

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Christiansted, St. Croix, V. I.

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DUSTIN' OFF THE NEWS

by

Lucius C. Harper

An Outstanding Columnist whose Digest of the News is Based on Common Sense

TO GET THE RIGHT SLANT ON PROBLEMS AFFECTING THE NEGRO, YOU MUST READ DUSTIN' EACH AND EVERY WEEK IN YOUR

Chicago Defender

WORLDS GREATEST WEEKLY

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